DURWARD'S GLEN

MARY T. DURWARD

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DURWARD'S GLEN

A Gem of the Middle West
Its History, Poetry, and Art

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M. T. Durward

"O Forest Glen! O haunt of the Muses nine!
O treasury of labor and of rest!
How much thou hold'st within thy breast,
How much thou say'st to mine."

—W. J. D.

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MARY T. DURWARD
Baraboo, Wisconsin

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INTRODUCTION

SINCE this book contains several selections from an earlier book about the Glen, and from another one that was begun, portions of the prefaces written for these may properly be quoted here.

(From Preface to "Annals of the Glen", written by Wilfrid J. Dorward, 1901)

The ever increasing number of visitors to Durward's Glen seems to make necessary a souvenir volume, that they may carry away something of its beauty and romance, even as a stroller by the seashore possesses himself of a little of its music in the hollow rainbow-tinted shell.

It is well, too, that before they are forgotten, the incidents of pioneer days be recorded, and the fast departing fauna be remembered, and the flora of today be described for tomorrow. Most of the illustrations are pictures engraved for the first time; the thought having gained recognition that the work of the artist brother should not be selfishly hidden, but that beauty, like charity, should be diffusive. We send them on Beauty's mission.

* * *

We glean elsewhere the author's thought about his book. "It were in vain to look for any sequence in these sketches themselves, but the connection between each individual sketch and The Glen will, I hope, be apparent."

"The pictorial record, though true today, may be lacking tomorrow; but it may be all the more precious for that in the days to come."

"Let us in these papers look forward and backward; yet also dwell on whatever is good and beautiful and 'of good report' beside us in the vision of today."

(From Preface to Second Annals (unpublished). W. J. Dorward)

This volume aims to look back a little further than the first volume; amplify; touch lightly on the lean bleak years, and come joyfully to the clear skies and quiet nights and golden promise of today and tomorrow.

* * *

We can conceive of the time when the Glen fires will be of coal; when the vines will need artificial irrigation; but we fail to guess who will be warmed by those fires, and gladdened by the vintage. Change must come, and soon. What will it be? Another twenty years and *these* annals will be ancient history; strange names will appear on letters sent now to Durward's Glen, Route five, Baraboo; strange faces and figures will flit about, strange laughter and song will resound. Edifices of wood or stone no doubt will arise as the rocks crumble, and the springs seek a lower level. But this we know, this valley loved of the red hunter and his quarry; loved of the birds and bees, loved of the wild flowers, passionately loved by this generation, will not be unloved or untenanted in the generations to come.

(Editor's Preface to "Durward's Glen")

Considerable portions of the "Annals of the Glen", by W. J. Dorward, (which is now out of print), have been used in this book, and many of the illustrations also. His plans, his notes, completed portions, and fragments have been studied and used where possible, and additions made to bring the Glen history up to date.

The effort to save this record of pioneer times, and to make further record of those who loved the Glen, has been sincere and earnest. The attempt to take up an unfinished piece of work, and go on with it in the spirit in which it was begun, has not been easy, but it has been a labor of love on the part of Wilfrid's sister, and those who helped her.

Because of the many contributions to this book, it may seem to the reader like a drive through the country with its changing scenery;—a cliff, and a hill to climb; then a lake with a flock of ducks; then the forests of the distance, followed by the flowering beauties of the roadside. So, in this book, by turning a page, you get, not only a new view of a subject, but a new style in the writing.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Miss Emma J. Gardner and Miss Hannah I. Gardner for assistance in editing this volume, and to all whose contributions are included.

—MARY THECLA DURWARD.

DURWARD'S GLEN

GEOLOGY OF THE GLEN

THE Glen is a canyon in miniature. Its width is much less than that of the valley elsewhere along the stream course. Its walls are essentially perpendicular. Little rapids interrupt the stream. Magnify its proportions a few hundreds of times and it would be another Royal Gorge or Yellowstone Canyon or Grand Canyon.

The Glen is the product of the little stream's erosive activity. That stream isn't so small at all times. After heavy rains or quick melting of snow it swells to become a veritable mountain torrent. It is then that it rolls the pebbles and cobbles along its course. They are its tools and with them it wears away the rock over which it flows. So it has done during the centuries of the past and the cumulative result of its work is the steep-walled Glen. This work is as yet uncompleted. The Glen is still being deepened, though so slowly that a human lifetime is altogether too short to detect the change.

The rock into which the stream is cutting its gorge is conglomerate and sandstone, the layers of which are nearly horizontal. When this was deposited, long before the stream existed, it was gravel and sand. Later, but still long before the stream came into existence, this became cemented together to make the consolidated rock of today.

No gravel or sand could be deposited here today. The conditions at that far distant time were radically different. The site of the future Glen was then the shore of the sea. Waves from the open water to the south battered the ancient shore, undercut the cliffs, wore the fragments to pebbles and sand grains, carried the worn material a little offshore into deeper water and there deposited it in successive layers to make the gravel and sand that later became cemented into conglomerate and sandstone. The stream of today is eroding into a very ancient beach deposit; the Glen is a vertical gash cut into that deposit.

The Glen is relatively short. Both upstream and downstream the creek has a much wider valley with no vertical walls. Both upstream and downstream from the Glen it has done more work in the appointed task of all streams—the wearing away of the land. This is because it has been flowing in those wider parts longer than it has through the Glen. The statement sounds absurd but the explanation is simple.

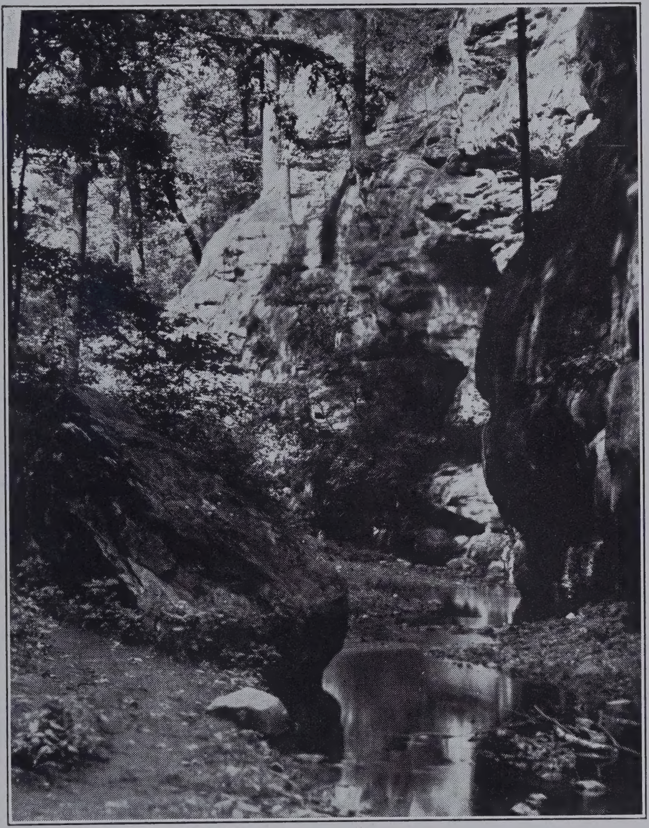
The creek flows down the southern slope of the South Baraboo Range—the same range that contains the deep Devil's Lake Valley. As well shown along the lake bluffs, this range is composed of quartzite rock. The conglomerate in the walls of the Glen is made up entirely of quartzite pebbles—detritus from that ancient land against which once beat the waves of the sea. If the history of the region were as simple as above outlined, all pebbles and cobbles and boulders hereabouts would be composed of quartzite.

But the road-cuts about the Glen show dozens of different kinds of rock in the exposed boulders. The stone fences and walls show the same thing. The fields in places are littered with "foreign" boulders. This is true almost everywhere on the range east of Devil's Lake. On the other hand, it is not true west of the lake. There the variety of rock fragments is no greater than the variety of bedrock. The boulders are of sandstone, conglomerate, and quartzite.

Some of these foreign boulders scattered over the region of the Glen can be traced to their source rocks. Door Peninsula has yielded the white limestone fragments, Keweenaw Point has contributed the rare pebbles and cobbles of pure copper, and northern Wisconsin and Michigan's upper peninsula and Ontario sent the granite boulders. Some geological agent other than waves or streams has scattered this foreign debris over the eastern part of the range, but it failed to reach farther west than the lake.

This agent, geologists are convinced, was a great ice sheet that grew in Canada and pushed down into the northern states. It was much like the ice sheets of Greenland and Antarctica today. It brought in all the foreign rock fragments of this region from the northeast. It found a valley well developed where Prentice Creek now flows, for streams had been working for ages since the ancient sea withdrew. It deposited its load of debris irregularly and somewhere very near to the present Glen it completely blocked the pre-glacial stream valley. When it melted away the stream re-located most of that valley, but at the Glen was forced to cross a buried ledge or minor hill beneath the glacial deposit. Into that remnant of the ancient sea beach buried under glacial drift the post-glacial stream has since eroded the Glen.

—HARLAN BRETZ,
Professor of Geology,
University of Chicago.



The Glen—Looking Out.

"Gorge of Beauty, sweetly nestled 'mong the hills;
Far removed from sordid traffic,"
"Filled with springs forever weeping
Through the rocks in mossy rills—"

DURWARD'S GLEN

A glen mysterious in its brooding shades;
The pathos of its ever weeping ledge,
Where maiden-hair dips just beyond the edge
Of streamlet clear; aerial arcades
Of swaying forest tops transforming glades
To lofty minster aisles, before whose gates
Our Lady with her Blessed Infant waits
Till nature's charm in trance celestial fades.

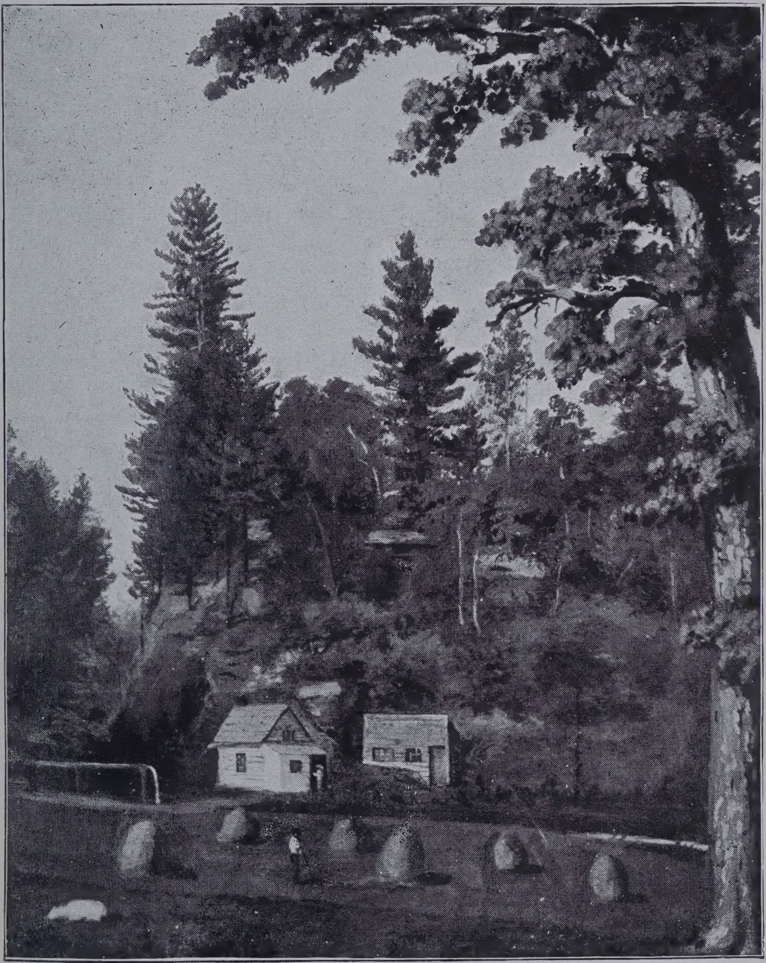
A memory meet for heaven; yet like deep themes
Inspiring harmonies transcending lines
Of mortal minstrelsy, the soul inclines
In adoration where the altar teems
With our Redemption's mysteries, past all dreams,
On thy crowned height, Saint Mary of the Pines!

Swift from a blasted fissure of the hill
A fountain sprang, clear, crystal clear, and cool,
To find its way, not to some stagnant pool,
But, o'er lush grass, itself scarce yet a rill
Through meadows green and blossoming and still,
To join a swifter stream from yonder glen
More wild than e'er was fashioned by men,
And thus a joyful destiny fulfill.

Crowned is the sylvan beauty of the spring
Now by a Gothic arch; historic blocks
Take the environment of native rocks,
Neath which, deep cut, are solemn words that cling
Long to the heart and quickened memory—"Think,
O pilgrim, of thy Saviour's thirst, and drink!"

—ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

August 12–13, 1896.



"AULD GEORDIE'S" LOG CABIN AND BIRTHPLACE OF MARY THECLA DURWARD.

"Where the rocks with somber shadows
    Overhang the sparkling stream,
And the pine trees spread their branches
    Ever fragrant, ever green,
Thecla oped her eyes of azure,
    Wondering, as in a dream,
What the tones of happy voices
    And the gleams of light could mean."

AULD GEORDIE

"MAN, there's a shoogar maple!"

The speaker was one of two men, both somewhat gray, and both counting the "land o' cakes" as their birthplace, who were sauntering up the little valley leading from the Caledonia mill to the eastern boundary of Sauk County. He had stopped for the hundredth time to admire or criticise some natural object, in a spirit of perfect frankness, and of strongest conviction. His rather negligent dress was dusty white with toll from many grists, his hands were thrust part way into rather inadequate breeches pockets, and he walked very erect, only inclining his head slightly to glance down at the foot of the sapling under inspection, and quickly poising it again on broad shoulders, as his eye roved up the trunk to the topmost twig. The critical and, at times, petulant remarks bestowed on the mill-race they were following up, proclaimed him the miller, even without the testimony of his dusty hat, coat, and shoes.

His companion was a smaller man, perhaps a little below the medium height, and though he impressed you with the uprightness of his bearing, there was no conscious effort to look up in the faces of his taller neighbors, which so often renders a little man, especially if he be stout, so irresistibly comical. His dress was unobtrusive and suggested the city as his usual residence. He was thinking of changing the town for the country, however, and the miller was his guide to a romantic property situated half a mile higher up on the stream that supplied the mill. Midway of their journey lay the millpond, the dam not much larger than a good sized beaver embankment, but large enough if it were not for the sudden freshets, and the constant burrowing of the muskrats. Above and to the west of it stretched forty acres of land almost ready for the plow, covered with hazel brush to the south where the ground was lowest, and with small oak, poplar and hickory trees to the north. A few patriarchal white oaks, and at least one tall sugar maple, rising high above the underbrush, live only in the memory of that time. It is now all cleared.

The adjoining property to the west is the destination of the travelers. As they round the gentle spur of a hill they find that the stream is again with them; slipping, gurgling, and murmuring along the border of a small marsh, at the head of which is a rocky glen, narrow at the mouth and fringed on one side with white pines that constitute the romance and attraction of the place. Hard by its mouth, and almost edging the stream, stood a tiny two-room habitation, and in the side of the hill conveniently close to it, the semi-dugout workshop of its owner. Nobody was to be seen as the miller and his friend approached, and the former volunteered the information that "Geordie's tremendious hard o' the hearing; Kirsten tapped the door one day enough til wake the dead, and Geordie worked through it a'."

The house was duly assailed with knuckles and voice, but was as deaf as its absent master. A search around discovered him stooping down at the stream washing some wheat. With many grunts he straightened up to a good six feet, and then was bent like a bow, and invited them in. He had to stoop still more to enter the doorway to the "leanto", yet the door opened even with the eaves. This part of the house was of lumber, but the main room, "the ben", was built of logs. The city-bred man noticed with surprise that the hermit had been reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

After a while he proposed to show them the glen, and they went out the side door next the shop, passed a clump of basswoods guarding the entrance, and then the cool suck of air from the springs, the rocks, and the deep shade struck their faces, and they stood in fairyland. At their feet lingered the stream, flecked with stray sunbeams that filtered through the branches overhead; full of wonderful brown and gray, and leafy reflections from the rocks and ferns; leisurely spread out over the shallows; gamboling over the pebbles and boulders; edging under the overhanging sandstone cliffs; throwing up against the rocks in quaint reflection the trembling golden shimmer of its ripples and undercurrents. The eye travels upward to the rocks, a seventy-foot wall; the pines, a hundred feet more; and then the blue. This is on the right side; on the other, the cliff, more sloping but still precipitous, is covered with plants. What plant of our woods, I wonder, does not grow there!

The visitors advanced; the rocks on the right were left behind and the weeping ledge was reached. They caught sight of the picturesque overshot wheel of a primitive shingle mill on the last linn. They finally returned to the cabin, and the city-bred stranger asked the beetle-browed hermit if he would sell. Old George Mearns said, "No", but, doubtless to temper its abrupt finality, continued by saying he had been "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" for relations since he was a boy, but that here he "could live in independence". And so they left him to his soaked wheat and solitude, the miller returning to his mill, the stranger to his city toil and cares.

But the leaven of a new idea had been successfully hid in "Auld Geordie's" mind, and the more he turned it over the more his hopes and schemes expanded. If he could only retain six acres, the rest would still be his to look at, and with the price of the part he sold he could build a fine new house; he would not need to work so hard; he could have doctors treat his eyes and ears. The kindly miller forwarded the redicision to his friend of the town, and a bargain was struck.

Thus it came to pass that a family of seven, the children all boys or young men, found a home in the log house on the stream level. The two youngest soon grasped wild nature with both hands, thrust their bare feet into the earth, got mired in the marsh and wet in the brook as healthy children will do, to their own infinite satisfaction and Mamma's more or less indulgent disapproval.

Across this vision of wood and stream unfolding to the youngster's eyes, passed at uncertain intervals the bowed form of the hermit. He lingered on the outskirts of their playday world, was regarded with awe when actually seen, yet dropped out of remembrance when removed from sight. To be sure, his brand-new frame house was only a rifle shot away, but the youngsters rather shunned it except when sent there on an infrequent errand. What attraction could an old man and his empty house have for children with Nature's exhaustless picture book of trees and flowers unfolding its leaves on every side?

Old Mearns was not like his friend, the miller; he would not argue a point. He was deaf to all discussion, once he had said "No", to any project, and would deign no further notice. It was even this way with his friends, for once his antipathies were aroused he was simply unapproachable. His charges for work were very modest, and his honesty was never questioned; he never raised his prices to correspond with the inflation caused by the Civil War. He seemed never to know that prices had gone up, except that he put himself on record as to the advanced price of calico. Two of the boys saw him acting strangely, and on running up found a smouldering spot of fire on his person which he smelled, but was unable to find, as his eyesight was failing rapidly. After the fire was extinguished, surveying his nondescript and much bepatched clothes, he gravely remarked: "It'll no dae to lose cotton; it's very dear the noo."

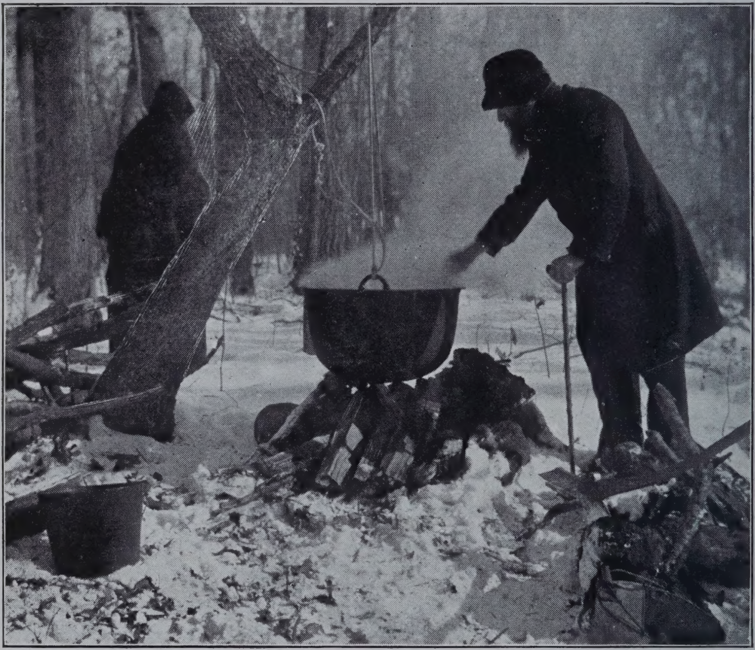
He had, in common with most solitary persons, a great faculty of making all his appliances and not depending on the labor of other men. The shakes on the roof of the log cottage, the largeheaded wrought iron nails that studded its doors, were all the result of his own patient industry, and he rather scorned to buy anything he could make, though the making doubled the cost. In addition to making his own shingles, grindstone, rat-trap, and nails, he made his own charcoal as well. Our youngsters looked with considerable interest on those queer, dome-shaped sod structures, very like an Eskimo's igloo, that he fired it in. When the smoke came piping out of the burrow-like entrance, they, hidden in a neighboring thicket, unseen but seeing with wonder-wide eyes, whispered to each other under their breath, "Meah's telcole is burning," just as if it had been a volcano in action. When through the smoke they dimly saw the tall stooping figure, they took to their heels.

He abhorred idleness, and looked askance even at the leisurely. He was methodical and orderly. No tool could be misplaced on his bench without his noticing it and straightway he replaced it where it belonged. No man was more full of gratitude to his few friends, even for the most trifling favors, but he could never get over early prejudices and antipathies. If asked his age he would turn away offended and not speak to you for days.

The muskrats, woodchucks, squirrels, and some of the wild birds annoyed him terribly, eating his corn and vegetables in garden and cellar, and he was at his wit's end to circumvent them. "They wark at it as a regular trade," he once said to the sympathetic miller, at the same time running out and hurling a stone at some unusually bold offender. The muskrats and woodchucks he tried to trap, but his home-made springs were so strong that the unfortunate culprits often escaped with the loss of a foot.

* * *

There was a time, quite vivid if yet with a queer ghostliness about it, when Old Mearns really belonged in our landscape at the Glen; then a time when he was gone but inquired about, and a strange silence brooded over his house. Then the house itself disappeared, and there remained only the cellar hole, still tenanted by the woodchucks, though they had to look elsewhere for their supply of garden roots. The last bone-hard oak lumber he wrested from the woods, the last stumps of trees he felled, have disappeared. The marks of his chisel still pass for the imprints of prehistoric bears' tracks on the huge sandstone boulder by the stream, but a grapevine is trellised on the site of his forge, and the oldest inhabitants of the woods and the streams have long since forgotten him.



Making Maple Sugar.

EARLY DAYS AT THE GLEN

EASTER:

Nine hard boiled eggs, of many colors, reposed on the cupboard shelf, and three children whose ages were steps and stairs from two to eight years, after peeping at them for the twentieth time, had been packed off to bed. It was Easter Eve. The excitement of it all had not yet left one pair of eyes that stayed wide open in the darkness of the garret, busy with the dyeing process; the chemistry of lichen and logwood chips and onion skins. For the analine package had not yet crossed the threshold of this little log home, where the tallow dip still disputed the inroads of kerosene, and the snuffers were periodically lost and found with the inevitableness of the seasons.

There had been first the choice of the eggs; whether they should be dumpy or long shaped, big or little, even at both ends or pointed at one end and rounded at the other. One thing was clear to the philosopher of eight—the big speckled one with both ends rounded was the best after it was broken. After they were hard boiled in the vegetable dyes that were obtainable, they were carefully examined for cracks; then the children took choice, though not, of course, for "keeps", and without handling. Great was the interest in the game. The one that had first choice could of course get the "terrible preciousest" one, but that was somewhat counterbalanced by the unwilling acceptance of the last one, according to the unique formula, 1-2-3, 3-1-2, 2-3-1; and as quick as they got through, they generally agreed to try it all over with a change all round.

The wide-awake youngster in the garret also speculated on the prospect of grass to toss the eggs on. There was still much snow in the woods. Perhaps it would be more fun to toss eggs on the bed, or at least on the straw pile. As he found it impossible to decide, he muttered drowsily, "I'd take the big speckled one first grab," and went to sleep.

That night a storm came up against the wind with rumble and flash, and when overhead it seemed to go no further, but after a few appalling volleys, started to drown itself out in one supreme downpour. Mamma, listening to the wild ado outside, heard a gurgling presence in the chamber, and found the icy snow broth rushing by the bed. The brook was pouring through the house! The sleepers were hurriedly aroused, and dressed by the lightning. Jimmie had put his socks on the mat by the fire to dry, but when he jumped on it as the only dry floor in sight, it went down with him. Another urchin, catching sight of the water from the top of the stairs, cried out, "O! We're all killed! We're all killed!"

A refuge was found in the little smithy on the hillside. Here the household goods from the ground floor were stored, the men-folks carrying on the work of rescue until even some grain in a bin was shoveled up out of the water and saved. The inside of the house was a queer sight at this time. The cellar trap-door floated open on its hinges, and a confused medley of carrots, beets, onions, and turnips was vomited out while the rats, drowned out of their holes, clung desperately to the grain bags, and had to be knocked off into the water.

How fared "Auld Geordie" this while? His house, lower down the valley, was also close to the stream, and he was too deaf to be wakened by the tumult of the waters. Thinking that he might be swept away, house and all, for want of a friendly warning, two of the boys, after the immediate personal peril was past, went down and roused him.

"Mr. Mearns, Mr. Mearns," they howled, "you must get up, there's a flood!"

A window was raised and a night-capped head appeared with a vigorous grunt and the query, "I dinna ken wha' it might be."

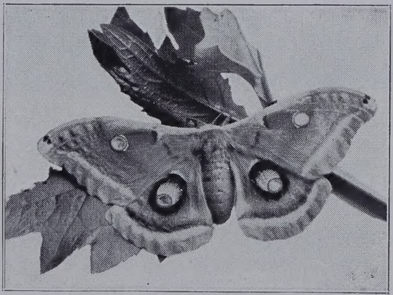
"It's me, John!" was bellowed back, "we thought you might drown, so we came to wake you."

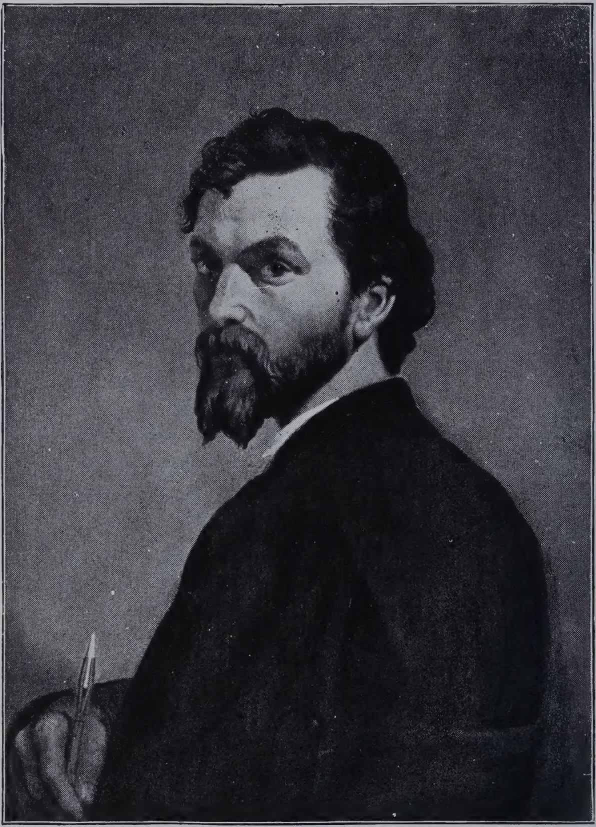
"Oh, aye, I'll gang and see aboot it." He descended to the cellar and soon reported, "Sax foot of water or thereaboot, but the foundation is weel and secure," winding up with a muttering, half-imprecation, half-warning to the "muskrats" and "ither folk that might tend til their ain business". The boys came away feeling rather foolish and crestfallen.

At length all the family were gathered in the smithy, the wet feet supplied with stockings through Mother's forethought, and the night-watch commenced. It was really a merry affair for the younger ones after the scare was over. Lunch was eaten, some of the dyed eggs alas! that had been broken; "Ave Maris Stella" and other hymns were sung, and all pauses were filled with the grave tick-tock of the family clock, installed on the work-bench. Father, however, anxiously watched the old house until the water began to go down, as it had a sand foundation, and was expected to fall if the soil washed out from beneath the corner next the stream.

The sudden freshet had been caused by the warm thunder-shower melting the snow on the hills. The water collected in the ravines and on the fields, and, the ground being frozen, quickly ran off to the stream. It was sixty feet wide at the mouth of the Glen. When the dawn came, the yeasty stream had lowered considerably and was again confined by its banks, but was breaking over the bridge connecting the house with the studio and the stables. When it was light enough, after due deliberation on the condition of the bridge, all crossed over the wrecked timbers, and the sleepy ones went to bed at sunrise in the studio. Nothing was lost in the flood but one of the eight-year-old's shoes, and the snuffers. The waters went down to their normal flow and clearness, the old house was mopped and dried out, and the family moved in again, but not to stay. The house was small at best, the family was shooting up, and a bigger house had been built on a neighboring place, called "Wild Rose Farm." Before the present house was built on the Glen property, and the family had returned, Old Mearns had returned to his relations in the East. The old log house and the little dug-out smithy were pulled down. In the roof of the house a quantity of copper pennies, minted by local merchants, as was then the custom, were dislodged from a cranny among the shakes (the long hand-split oak shingles). They were given to the boys and went the way of all pennies.

The two youngest pried into the secrets of planting and reaping; made their first garden on a sandy bank where the cut-leaved violets and snake-root blossomed; dug up their seed beans every day to see if they were ever going to sprout, and then pulled up as weeds the few that did manage to get above ground; gathered nut-galls and thorn apples, June berries and oak-apples, blood-root for decorative purposes, Indian fashion; and all the time became more leaf-wise and bird-wise as the long summer days went by.





Charles P. Dorward.
"The Artist Brother."

CHARLES PERCY DORWARD

"The Artist Brother"

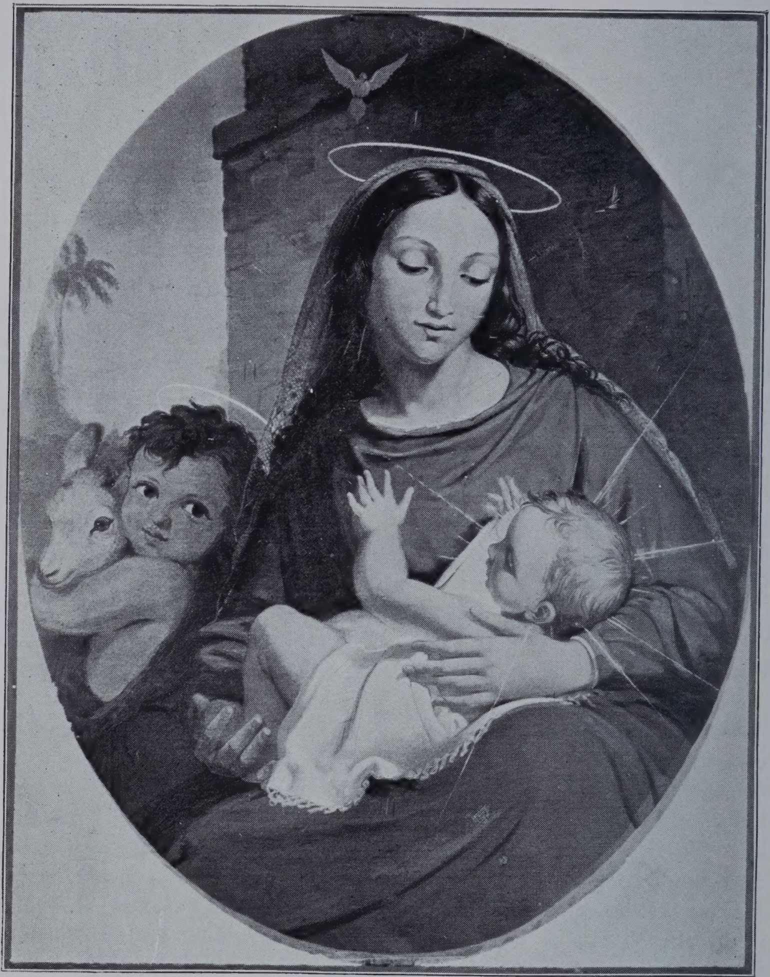
(From "Annals of the Glen", by Wilfrid J. Dorward, written in 1895)

IT IS now nearly two decades since a son and brother passed from amongst us, after a short sojourn of thirty-one years. He was gifted, as the surviving work of his brush will eloquently tell to the eyes of the future; and warmhearted, as only his own can tell or understand. It is meet and seemly that before his living presence here becomes only a tradition, some voice or pen shall recall, even if feebly, enough of the beautiful in the life of the artist brother, as will give pause to those that in the years to come will pass this way, and linger to drink of the waters, and rest themselves in the cool shadows of the pines he loved.

* * *

The subject of this memoir was born in Prestwich, England, on the twenty-seventh day of September, 1844, the second son of his parents. As they emigrated to America in August of the succeeding year, he made the six week's ocean journey and the trip to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, via the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes, in his mother's arms. Of the two incursions into Dodge County, varied by a shifting residence in Milwaukee, and the frontier hardships and privations that attended them, he doubtless remembered little. His conscious existence must have commenced, along with his unconscious artistic training, in the octagon log house on the banks of the Milwaukee River, north of what was then the city, where they settled in the fall of 1851. I have been unable to discover any drawings made at this time, but as Father had a studio in the house, little Charles must have been familiar with pencils and brushes.

Meanwhile, in 1847, another brother had arrived, and in 1850–1851 a little golden-haired sister had come and gone. In the last days of '51 the fourth boy was born, shortly after moving to the log house at Riverside. It was here, in 1853, that Father and Mother became Catholics, and the four boys were of course baptized in that faith. Charles was eight years old at this time. The effect of this important step on the lives of the whole family has assuredly been great. Shortly after his conversion, Father accepted the Professorship of English Literature



Madonna of the Dove.

Draw the reluctant one,
John of the camel hair!
Present him! Lo! Thy work is done!
"The Lamb of God is there!"

Oh! But the eager arms
Of baby Diety, no fear can check;
Almost would leave his mother's charms
To clasp the woolly neck.

What is the secret sweet
That lifts the soul from sin?
While pain may draw us to God's feet,
Love's welcome makes us kin.
—Rev. J. T. D.

at the newly erected Seminary of St. Francis, and Mother and the children lived in the convent and orphan asylum of the Franciscans near by. Later, the family again lived in the house at Riverside, where Bernard, the first born, died in 1855. The sale of the Riverside property followed, and after some delay in rented houses, the brick house of the five gables on South Point was built. It had seven acres of land adjoining, and was convenient to Father's teaching. I had seen the light in the last rented house, so there were again four children in the family, all boys.

Charles was busy with his pencil here, and has left us a great number of remarkably faithful copies of birds and beasts from *Wood's Natural History,* full of life and vigorous free-hand work, and not unworthy of the originals, by Dalzell. Charles also painted in oil and water colors here; shells, flowers, fruit, and bits of landscape; among other things a view of the house, showing garden in front, and the distant North Point, and blue Lake Michigan in the background. This was between 1857 and 1862, and part of the time he attended day school at St. Frances with his brother John. During their summer vacation in 1860, the two boys and Father visited the Dells of the Wisconsin at Kilbourn, and buying a boat at Portage, floated down to Richland City, were driven to Arens and thence came home by rail. What an outing this must have been for the boys, and especially for the one with the artist's eye and hand. I think I see many traces of the impressions left by this trip in Charles's river sketches of later years. There is mention of a stop on the trip at a point almost due east of the present homestead, and a tramp through Caledonia.

The family moved to Sauk County in 1862, and shortly after this Charles strained himself at unaccustomed work in the woods, and so, I suppose, devoted himself more continuously to painting. His studies this winter were confined to fruits and flowers, and there were discouraging hints that these would not sell. He scorched one, trying to dry it too hastily at the stovepipe that passed straight through the floor of his attic studio and out at the roof. The question of ways and means was just commencing to urge the young artist towards the land where the painter's money grows—the realm of portraiture.

A few fruit pieces and landscapes were sold, enough perhaps to pay for canvas and colors for fresh attempts. Then came the moving to the Glen and the building of a studio on the bank right above the spring; indeed the blasting for the foundations brought the waters of the present fountain to light, and this water was used within the semi-cellar-like foundation of the building to cool the products of the dairy. On a rather insecure support of posts partly imbedded in an ill-built wall of soft sandstone whose super-sandy mortar took no "band", the barnlike painting room was perched. The only wonder, greater than that it never fell, is the amount of work that was done in it by both father and son, in happy unconsciousness of its insecurity.

For a time Charles rented land which his father had bought, and tried farming, but in 1869 the artist life came again to the front and Charles, then twenty-five years of age, went on a visit to England, Scotland, and France. It had long been looked forward to, but the money for the trip had to be slowly accumulated; a work of time and patience as well as industry and self-denial. It is almost needless to say the money was not earned at painting. It was the price of his share of wheat, corn, and potatoes. Charles' contempt for money was as absolute as any poet or philosopher could wish. He tied his modest hoard in a piece of common brown paper labeled "poison", and then lost it in the garret. It finally turned up, or no knowing when he would have got away.

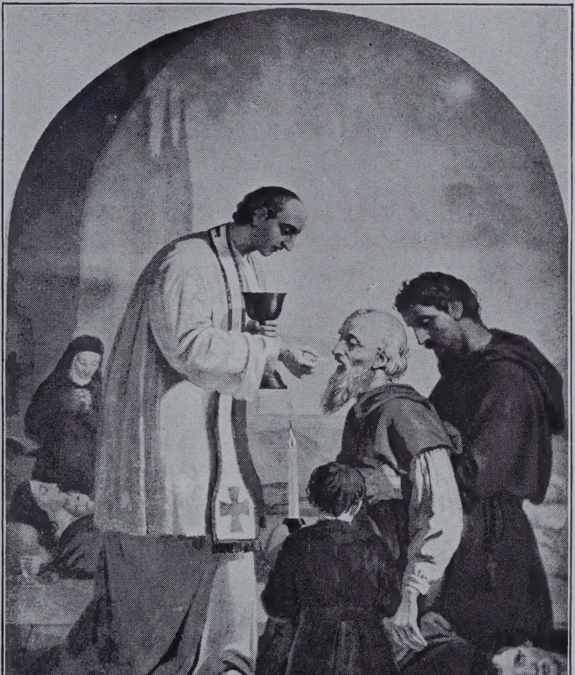
Father had a lifelong friend in Manchester, and Mother's sister and her husband lived not far off, which assured a home welcome to the land of his birth; and their hospitality added greatly to the pleasure and profit of his sojourn. His route through England and Scotland is now almost forgotten, and can only be pieced together and guessed at by the sketches he made on the way.

There was that most wonderful spiral, the "Prentice Pillar" from Roslin Castle; Chester Cathedral, from St. John's Priory window, and the Priory window itself in all the grandeur of its decay; Manchester Cathedral, where his father and mother were married; Salford and Prestwich Cathedrals; Stirling Castle and a fragment of Roman wall with round tower and staircase. Among the lakes we find Rydal, Derwent Waters, and Brother's Waters, and Windemere. The Firth of Clyde furnishes a vigorous side-wheeler under full headway, and New Haven a characteristic bit of rock-bound coast and natural harbor. The "Striding Edge", Helvelyn, and Montrose, (where his father was born), are mere outlines, but the point of view is perfect. There is also a famous yew tree which he elaborated into a fine study in oil in connection with the cathedral, on returning home.

In the galleries and museums he made his first acquaintance with sculpture and the antique, and tried his pencil on the Three Graces (Canova), Fighting Gladiator, Venus Disarming Cupid, Ruth, and others. Among his copies from celebrated pictures were Lear and Cordelia, by E. S. Ward, R. S.; Saint Sebastian by Guido Reni; Head of Christ, by Ary Schaefer; and Madonnas by Murillo and Andrea Del Sarto. Then there were the odds and ends of an artist's traveling portfolio; a succession of sailors, gypsies, fair women, etc., all to be worked up into pictures some day.

Years of fruitful creative work followed the trip to Europe. In 1872 and 1873 he painted the Immaculate Conception, St. Charles Borromeo, the Madonna of the Sleep. In 1874 he painted the Stations of the Cross that now encircle the chapel. The last original design that he lived to finish, Madonna of the Dove, was completed in 1875, the year of his death.

Sometime during these last years he purchased a few acres of the Glen, excavated, and built a stone foundation, raised and finished the superstructure of a studio, and henceforth did all his painting in this



"St. Charles Borromeo."
Painted by Charles Dorward, About 1873.

building. The last time I saw my artist brother alive was in this studio, as I was leaving for the city. We had embraced, and I stepped out on the rustic porch and fired off the gun I carried in my hand as a parting salute, and with some merry word he wished me a "God Speed." When next I came back, it was to his funeral.

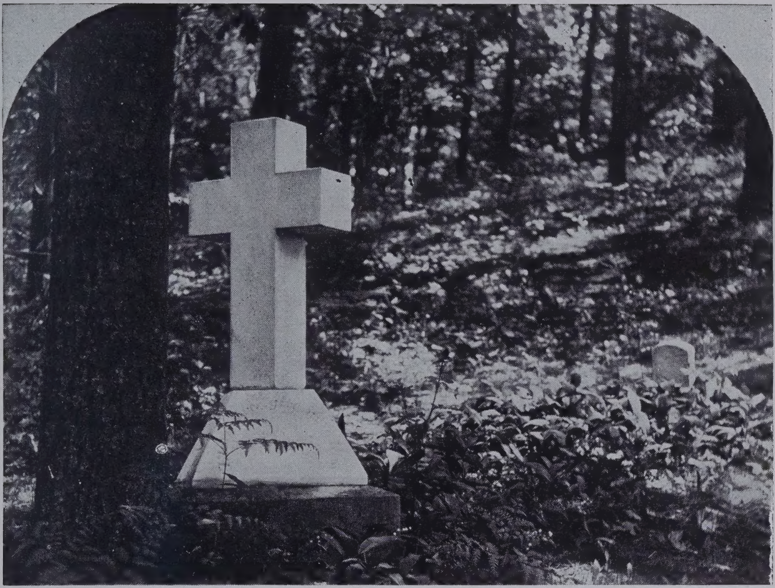
* * *

The earth is bountiful to us here at The Glen in the giving of her fruits. We can go to the maples for sugar and vinegar, to the vine and sunflower for wine and oil, to many kinds of grain and pulse for breadstuffs, and again to the vinyard, the orchard and the berry patch for all the best fruits of the temperate zone. Out of the fifty possible food products that this soil will raise, is it strange that one should be a rank poison? It would be stranger were it otherwise.

But Charles did not so believe. He could not believe that this loved soil grew anything hurtful, except perhaps the poison ivy and the rattlesnake—the one only half believed in, the other fast disappearing. That in his own garden plot should lurk the fell destroyer, its outward guise a comely golden root, its succulence hiding a quicker death than pestilence or fever; who would expect him to credit it? We all know better now, but that is nothing. Anyone smelling of the seductive sweetness of the root and stem of the *sicuta maculata* and then presupposing ignorance, will see it all. He, taking his morning constitutional with a grubbing hoe, stumbled on this root, whose stems were now dead, for it was November. Finding it sweet-smelling and thinking it edible, he brought some of it to the house and cooked it for breakfast. He repaired to the studio after eating, and mixed his palette for the day, but so swift was the action of the poison that he was found insensible within half an hour, and was dead in two hours.

Emerson says that a "man dies and his experiences with him", but that is only half a truth, or less. His greatest experiences he shares with us, and gives to posterity for safekeeping. We bury the son, brother, friend; he that was mortal, but his works and his virtues, his life's best experiences, live after him.

Though in appearance Charles took after the English side of the house, in temperament he was neither English nor Scotch; his impulsiveness and rashness were more like the French. Warmhearted and unselfish, with a great tenderness for the weaker sex, fitted to make any true woman happy, Charles never married. His unhappy love affairs are not worth repeating; let them rest where they are. Suffice it to say, that to the loving scrutiny of those nearest to him, he appeared to accept his glorious art as a final and satisfying mistress, and that the world is the gainer for this.



Durward Cemetery Lot.
Marble Cross.

THESE TWENTY YEARS

The snowdrops nestle there,
The cross a marble prayer,
Rises divinely fair
Above his head.

The shadow comes and goes,
The grass but sparcely grows,
One frail "dear wilding rose"
Blossoms, dew-fed.

The pine trees overhead
A perfumed coolness spread,
We pass with muffled tread
Upon their leaves.

Of sound, the calm suspense;
Life's turmoil has gone hence;
'Round every tired sense
Still sweetness weaves.

—W. J. D.

That Charles was a fervent Catholic, a real believer, his acquaintances need not be told; and others might easily glean it from his handiwork. Religion left its daily impress, not only on his morals, but on his art as well. Fond of books in his own way, he is the only man that I have known to deliberately burn the books he possessed, that had been placed on the "Index."

He had plenty of small weaknesses, and he could make enemies quite as quickly as he could make friends; but he knew nothing of the word "expediency", even in cases that touched him closely. Yet he was a most lovable and loving man, and it was by *not* knowing him that people misunderstood him.

It was one of Charles' dreams to illustrate Father's poems, and in 1867 he commenced with an elaborate, ornamental title, and seventeen lovely sketches in India ink, accompanied by nearly thirty of the poems carefully copied off in his own hand.

I have previously mentioned that with a view to making his art somewhat remunerative, Charles turned toward portraiture in crayon or pastel. In the '60's he made a striking sketch of the miller's son, and received, I think, $5.00. He subsequently did numbers of these heads, as pot-boilers and at small prices, and they are scattered over the country.

Among his ideal conceptions, more than half are of the Virgin Mother, and he will be known and thought of, in the words of his reverend brother and patron, as a "painter of Madonnas". A short time before his death he said, "I only want enough money to live on, and then to paint Madonnas the rest of my life."

Father, since his conversion to the Catholic faith, had almost entirely exchanged portraits for devotional paintings—altar pieces, heads of saints, Madonnas, Stations of the Cross, etc. As his eyesight began to fail, these commissions were sometimes executed jointly by father and son, or turned over entirely to the son. Thus the number of canvases that Charles worked on, which were practically copies, outnumbered his ideal designs three to one. His largest original canvas, and the one containing the most figures, is the St. Charles Borromeo, painted for Rev. Charles X. Goldsmith of Chippewa Falls, and placed by him in his church there. It represents the saint as laboring among the victims of the plague in Milan.

Charles' gift to St. Mary's of the Pines was a life-size copy, without the cherubs, of Murillo's well-known Immaculate Conception, a princely gift.

ART IN WISCONSIN

(An extract from "Art in Wisconsin" is printed here by special permission from the author, Porter Butts, M.A.)

"IN 1847, the Milwaukee Sentinel proposed the question in its headlines: 'How Many Artists Does This City Contain? There is Yet Another.' The newcomer was Isaac Dorward, "offering to take Portraits for Ladies and Gentl. who may wish correct likenesses for themselves or friends at a reasonable charge."

"Bernard Isaac Durward had a considerable reputation won abroad to support his appeal for patrons. In England his talent had attracted the attention of a member of Parliament, Mr. Shirley, who called on him for portraits of himself and family. Working at Shirley's house, he met Byrne, Shirley's harpist, and executed his portrait also. When Byrne was later called to Queen Victoria's court, the portrait went with him and won for Durward a measure of fame that led to more commissions in England. * * *

"In 1845, the young artist embarked with his wife and two children on the thirty-day ocean voyage to the new country. * * *

"His experience was typical of the painter immigrant who sought the interior regions of the frontier, equipped as an artist but not as a pioneer. * * *

"He found patrons among the most prosperous and leading people in Milwaukee, and had at once plenty to do. Solomon Juneau sat for him and the success of this portrait brought orders for others.

"In 1852, while painting Bishop Henni, he was inspired with a profound interest in the Roman Catholic Church, an event which was to influence deeply his later poetry, art, and way of life. With his whole family he enthusiastically embraced the tenets of the Church.

* * *

"The experience of Durward proved in the end that the artist on the frontier could live in the rarified atmosphere of a rural retreat dedicated solely to art, religion, and domestic tranquillity. He did it, not by way of farming as a sideline, at which he was very inept, or by marketing his wares locally, but by keeping in communication with the population centers, rendering to them what was wanted—portraits, writing, and teaching—and reserving for his own amusement and the edification of his family painting of any other kind. When left to his own inclinations, he showed a surprising versatility and talent, not commonly associated with the first frontier portrait painters.

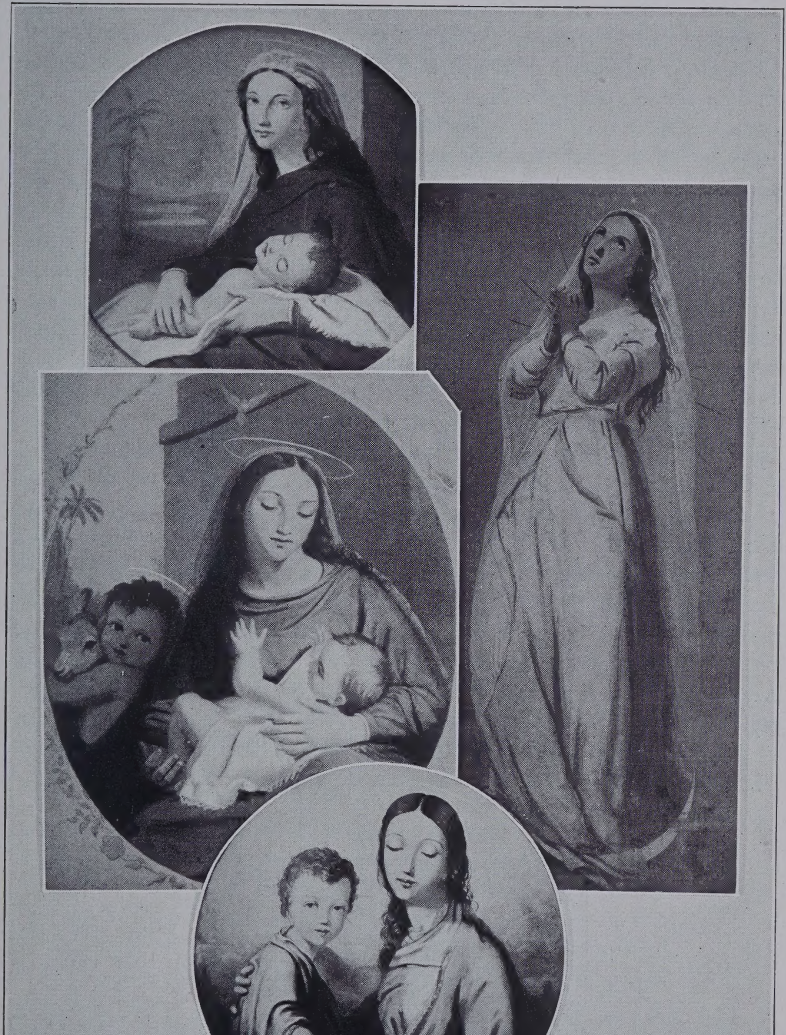
"In the little gallery at the Glen still hang portraits of all his children; still life of game birds, grapes, apples and melons, and a huge peacock, all done in fine blues, yellows, greens, and pinks with a sure hand and occasionally in formal composition. At the Glen, Durward drew on nature heavily, painted it, lyricized it, made his own inks for writing and sketching from native berries, and formed his own quills. He could not tolerate a disrespect for nature, or vulgarity; he resented the intrusion of Sunday papers, chiefly because their caricatures destroyed, he felt, an appreciation of beauty.

"Given the encouragement his portraits and poetry received and he might have early endowed Wisconsin with a tradition of decorative still life painting, based upon the state's own flora and fauna.

"Durward's portraits present evidence that an unusual talent, a step advanced from the likeness-makers, had come to the Wisconsin Frontier and developed there.

"The portrait of John Martin Henni, archbishop of Milwaukee, done in 1852, and now in the Wisconsin State Historical Museum, shows him to be a better colorist and draughtsman than Brookes. The whole tone of the canvas is lighter. Hands are better modeled, though still lifeless. Most marked is his skill in catching the semblance of pink satin sleeves seen through lace, alongside which Harding's lace collar and cuffs for 'Mrs. Kingsley' are inexpert, hasty and slapdash. No extraneous paraphernalia is added. The canvas has a unity and the subject a dignity compared to which Brookes' work is still the folk art of the limners.

"Joshua Hathaway", pioneer surveyor, painted in 1860, gives even a stronger effect. The head answers to the artist's designing, rather than peering stolidly from an accidental placement in the framing. Hands and chair are subordinated and all form an organized coherency in support of the bold construction of the head, a construction based on factualism, but not literally factualism itself. Even the background, a rich saffron brown, shading into deep chocolate, is an unusual note among its thin green, mustard, and gray contemporaries, and it harmonizes with the coloring of the face. This feeling for unity was not accidental with Durward; it was one of his controlling attitudes of mind that form, and a headship or direction, was necessary to every organism; an idea which led him to agree readily also to the concept of papal supremacy as essential to the existence of the Church. "You have no pope in your picture", he told an artist whose composition lacked a focus and supreme unifying element. Such construction and



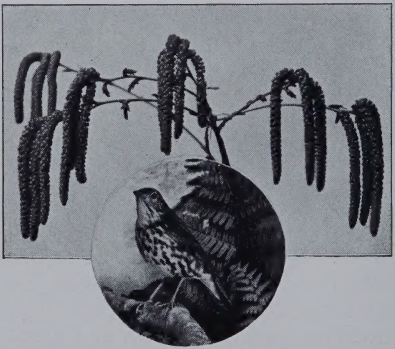
Immaculate Conception and Madonnas by Charles P. Dorward.

such coloring as Durward's was not soon to be seen again in Wisconsin. His was a figure slightly apart from the mainstream of the state's art.

George J. Robertson, another Scotchman, came to Milwaukee in 1846 from the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in London, where he had studied for ten years, to share a studio with Durward for a time. Together with one or two other artists, they attempted to form, about 1848, a "Wisconsin Academy of Fine Arts", as Eckstein had in Ohio about twenty years earlier. But, like Eckstein, they only reached the stage of drawing incorporation papers and nothing further came of it.

Durward, besides his attempt with Robertson and through writing, to further art in the young city, interested himself in the work of other artists, demonstrating that the lone wolf days of the itinerants were ending and a community of art interests formings. The old guest book at the Glen is dotted with the names of early artists, among them Lydia Ely and John Conway. He was well acquainted with and admired Henry Vianden, arriving in 1849 from Germany. A seascape by Vianden with imposing cliffs still hangs in Durward's house.

Charles Durward, Bernard's son, born in 1844, emulated his father at first, returning to England for study and painting game pieces and portraits; but the intensely religious atmosphere of the family Glen soon diverted him toward Madonnas and other religious themes. He built a studio in the Glen and there worked prodigiously and rather skillfully doing strictly Italian compositions after the sweet manner of Andrea del Sarto and showing fondness for soft-eyed children like Murillo's. Occasionally he did a landscape in the dark eerie Altdorfer style, notable "The Glen in Winter", of 1866, which is still to be seen at the glen gallery. Thus he developed to be a thorough-going eclectic of historical styles, and without effect on art in Wisconsin.



ST. MARY'S OF THE PINES

Dear retreat for mortal wearied
With turmoil,
Take me to your sheltering bosom!
Soothe my brain with nature's gladness,
Pour the balm and wine and oil!
Dull routine my life has wounded
Nigh to sadness;
Give me in your wildernesses
Change of toil!

And ye springs that gush and sparkle
As you pour
From your never-failing fountains,
From your dark, mysterious prison,
Swelling still the streamlet's store;
Laughing to the light of morning
Newly risen.
Let me join with your sweet murmurs
One voice more.

From the unseen came I also,
By the might
Of the Eternal Fount of Being,
Through the darkness ways of error,
Far more dismal than the night
Of your hidden stony barriers;
From that terror
By the hand of mercy lifted
Into light.

Streamlet—daughter of a thousand
Limpid springs!
On thou speedest like an angel
With a healing benediction
Folded underneath his wings;
Warbling sweetest as thou meetest
Contradiction
From rude stones on which the lichen
Feeds and clings.

Oh, that I could scatter blessing
Like to thee!
That my soul could mirror beauty
As thy bosom's liquid crystal!
That my songs might be as free,
Varied, lasting as thy singing!
Then should list all
Mortals to my strain—a minstrel
I should be.

Pines, that heal the air with perfume,
Towering high,
Decked with cones for jewels, pendant
In your green immortal vesture,
Though your heads are in the sky
Yet, like mortal man beneath you,
You must rest your
Feet upon the solid fabric,
Or must die.

Lend my verse the balsom odor
Of your tears!
And the color of your needles,
And the heavenward direction
Of your stems, which rise like spears,
That my song may still point upward
From dejection
And the basis of the earthly
To the spheres!

Rocks, that Time has worn to grandeur
With his breath!
Steadfast as a righteous cannon,
High above the vanished ages,
Moveless 'mid surrounding death;
How your silence and your shadows
Shame my pages!
Doomed to crumble, as the leaves
My feet beneath.

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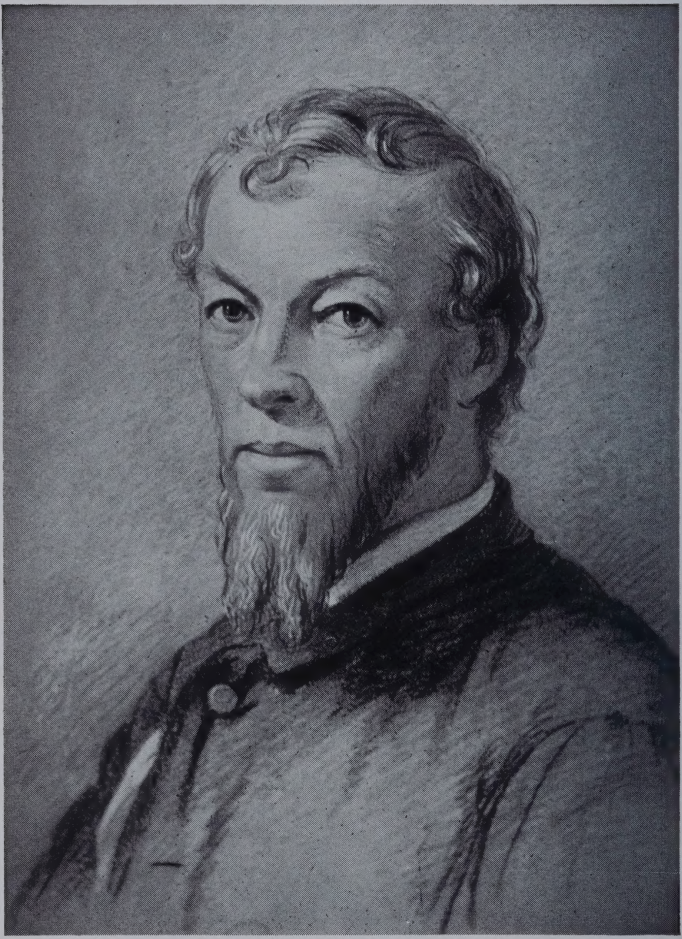
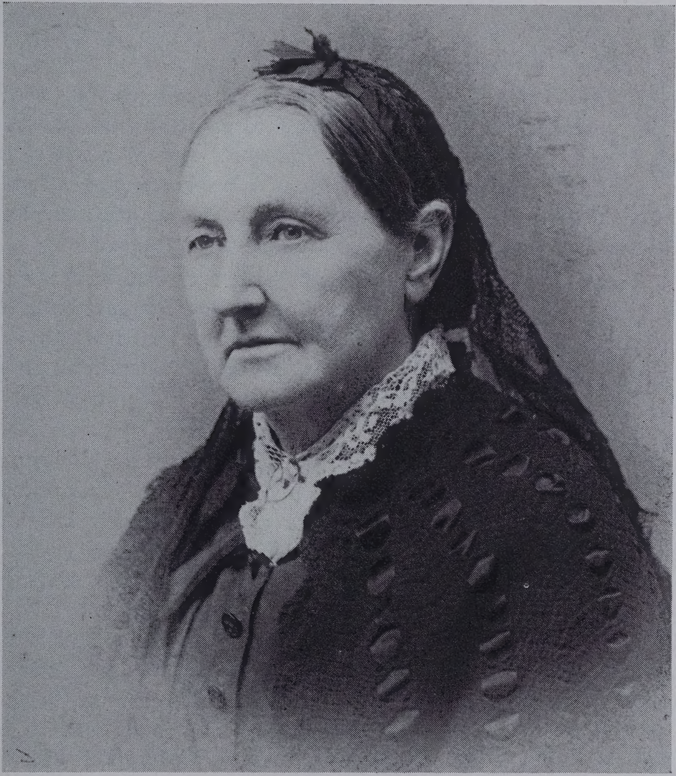
Little chapel, rude and lonely
To the eye,
How thy white cross in the sunlight
Gleams, and prompts a prayer in whispers!
Shall my mouldering ashes lie
Blest and near thee, though unheeding
Song of Vespers,
Or the Kyrie Eleison's
Plaintive cry?

Gorge of beauty, sweetly nestled
'Mong the hills;
Far removed from sordid traffic,
Filled with springs forever weeping
Through the rocks in mossy rills—
Shall my lowly memory linger
In thy keeping,
When this heart which now is throbbing
Silence fills?

Yes; a little while my footsteps
May be known;
And the hearts that I have cherished
Will remember me in yonder
Sacred symbol in the stone!
They will say, "His hand engraved it!"
And with fonder
Accents of affection whisper,
"He is gone!"



Bernard Isaac Durward, The Father.
Poet—Professor—Painter.



THERESA MARGARET DURWARD, THE MOTHER.

"Mother of painters, of poets, of priests,
She cared very little for fashions or feasts
But she brought up her children to fear and love God,
And her ashes now rest 'neath the pine-sprinkled sod."

BERNARD ISAAC DURWARD

"THE FATHER"

(Adapted from Durward Life and Poems, by Rev. J. T. Durward)

BERNARD ISAAC DURWARD was born March 28, 1817, in Montrose, Scotland. His father was drowned while he was still a babe, leaving the mother with one daughter and four sons. Being poor, Isaac earned his bread at the age of nine, herding sheep in sight of the Grampian Hills, from which and the sea he drew the love of nature that later was to find expression in verse.

He was afterwards apprenticed and learned the shoemaker's trade. As each boy was required to show a certain amount of work at the end of the week, Isaac would toil like a galley slave the last three days to compensate for the hours he had given to the surreptitious study of history, poetry, and the fiction that was then coming from his contemporaries, Scott and others.

Prints were borrowed from the Art School and copied, laying the foundation of the Art that was to be his breadwinner—portrait painting. Although his people were Protestants, he was not brought up in any religion. As every reader of *Quentin Durward* knows, the family was originally Catholic. Since the Reformation, the name has been spelled Dorward, but going back to the old religion, Mr. Durward and his family took the more correct and euphonious spelling. It is remarkable, too, that one branch of the family—the Durwards of Deeside—never changed the name and never deserted the Faith; the last member of this branch dying in 1915, a monk of Fort Augustus, Scotland—Brother Nathlan, whose mother was a Mary Durward.

In 1842, Mr. Durward took up his residence in England, having married Miss Margaret Hillyard in the Episcopal Church in Manchester. He practiced his Art (chiefly in crayon, though later he adopted oil) and when sufficient money was earned, he emigrated to Wisconsin, bringing his wife and two sons, born in England; Bernard, who later died in Milwaukee, and the future artist, Charles. He landed at the Milwaukee docks, having come from New York by the lakes and canals, with one English shilling to begin life on; but, nothing daunted, he followed a good looking merchant down what is now North Water

Street and bargained to paint his portrait for a barrel of flour. This was in 1845.

He preempted land at $1.25 an acre in Dodge County, but Indians being then plentiful and Cooper's tales the popular reading, it was no place for a young wife and children, so he rented a house in Milwaukee, his profession also requiring the more populous locality. In Milwaukee was born another son, John. But our poet felt the call of the wild beauty of the Milwaukee River, and bought a few acres about four miles upstream, where was born and died the first daughter, Emma Theresa. As at her death he had another holding of four acres, still on the river, but nearer town, on which he was building the "Octagon Log House", the baby's funeral was by boat with interment on his own property.

Here was born another son, James. Here it was that he received the gift of Catholic Faith. The death of his little daughter probably turned his thoughts to eternity, but, under God, it was also acquaintance with Catholics, and a truer insight into religion that turned him to the faith of the Catholic Church.

He had painted portraits of Byron Kilbourn and other early settlers, and was now commissioned by Joshua Hathaway to paint his portrait and that of Right Reverend J. M. Henni, first bishop of Milwaukee, for the State Historical Collection at Madison. Thus he received his first impression of Catholicity. What to some are the stumbling blocks in the way to Rome were to him the most convincing proofs of the Catholic Faith; the supremacy of the Pope, the confessional, the formalism of the Mass.

Early in 1853, he and his wife were received into the church by Bishop Henni, and the four boys were baptized. Not long after this, his eldest son fell into a decline to which physicians could give no name, and died:

"Dear firstling of my little flock
In tribute to the Master paid."

St. Francis Seminary was opened about this time, and Mr. Durward became professor of English there. At St. Francis, two more sons, Wilfrid and Andrew, were born. Mr. Durward's salary was $200.00 per annum, so he was obliged to eke this out by painting altar pieces in oil. He also taught painting to the School Sisters of Notre Dame, recently established in Milwaukee, under Mother Caroline Fries.

Between 1853 and the breaking out of the Civil War, no fewer than fifty of his best short poems were printed in the Milwaukee papers, the *Crayon* of New York, and the *Leader* of St. Louis, under the pen names of "Bernard" and "Porte Crayon".

In 1862 Mr. Durward moved his family with his *Lares* and *Penates* by one horse team to "The Glen", arriving on All Saints' Day, and taking possession by cutting a Maltese Cross in the face of the rocks—the "Sacred symbol in the stone". He was glad to escape the city life, and the removal bore good fruit in poesy. Particularly must be noted "St. Mary's of the Pines", in which, according to Aubrey de Vere, the gifted Irish poet of Curragh Chase, Adare, he reached his high-water mark. It appeals most strongly to those who know the scenes and circumstances, as it is intensely personal.

Here, at "The Glen", was born another daughter, Mary Thecla.

In 1872 appeared the first collection of his poems, "Wild Flowers of Wisconsin". During 1875, he was editor of the *Milwaukee Catholic Magazine,* which was published for less than a year. In this same year, his artist son, Charles, who already excelled him in painting, died; and this was the death of Art in the family, although after this were written the beautiful verses called "Time", beginning;

> "Higher up on the banks of this stream
> We have buried some friends that we love."

Mr. Durward was a most agreeable conversationalist, and, though no logician, ordinarily appeared to get the better of an argument, often by proving, not the thing that was affirmed, but something resembling it, though different—the laurels going to the best talker.

The pre-Victorian poets were singing when he was a boy; Byron, Moore, Scott, Burns, and the Lake School—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. These were passing away during his young manhood, but were being replaced by Keats and Shelley, by Browning and Tennyson, and in America by Whittier, Longfellow, and Emerson. None of these he knew personally, except the last named, and him only as a lecturer. Of Catholic poets, he was contemporary with Coventry Patmore, whom he visited in 1878, at Hastings-by-the-Sea, Aubrey de Vere, and Newman. Francis Thompson had not yet been discovered. In this country, there was only Father Ryan giving more than mediocre verses to the periodicals. Since his time, many Catholic poets have appeared in America.

Mr. Durward lived to be eighty-five years of age, always active, though never robust; always a delightful companion. He died March 21, 1902. At his request, the casket was carried by the pall-bearers from the Glen Cottage to the chapel on the hill. This is an old custom in rural Scotland. As the procession wound its way up the hill, the men chanted the Office of the Dead. He is buried among his loved pines, by the chapel that he built.

TO B. I. DURWARD

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest
In the shade of the pine trees tall,
While the mourning dove in its nest above
Utters its plaintive call.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest;
No more shall thy fertile pen
Tell of the flowers in shady bowers
In thy beloved Glen.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest;
No more shall thy skillful hand
Paint face of friend or the colors blend
For flowers or fruit of the land.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest
While the rose petals softly fall
On thy grave on the hill, peaceful and still,
Where thou waitest the final call.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest
Near the chapel quaint and gray,
Where the Red Cross now keeps its solemn vow
And offers the Mass each day.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest;
Though far from thy native soil,
The same sun that rose today o'er Montrose
Sets here o'er the fruit of thy toil.

Bard of the Wild Rose! Sleep and rest;
May thy memory linger long
In the home in the Glen, in the hearts of men,
Like an echo of thy song.

—HANNAH I. GARDNER.

May, 1934.

B. I. Durward was called "Bard of the Wild Rose" by Eliza Allen Starr, because of his poem, "To a Wild Rose".

The Camillian Fathers, who have their novitiate at Durward's Glen, wear a red cross on their habits.

THERESA MARGARET DURWARD

"THE MOTHER"

"But oh, my very heart-strings stir
Whene'er I speak or think of her".
—ADELAIDE PROCTER.

"THE one I knew the best of all" chirps a very well-known writer, meaning herself. I repeat it lovingly, meaning my mother. As well as I knew her, she knew me better; as well as I loved her, she loved me more. But do not think that I can write fluently of this. My brevity, my very inadequacy must be my eloquence.

Before me on the table and behind me on the wall as I write are the two first links that bind Mother's memory to the Glen; her mother's sampler, and her own girlish portrait in pastel, sketched by Father in England. The trivialities of life! Consider their moment and importance. How this sampler and this portrait, both so old-fashioned, evoke their wraiths in the mind's eye. "The sweet cold hands and the dear dead face" of the worker and the sitter.

Margaret Hildyard was born February 7, 1821, in Lancashire, England. Little Margaret's first recorded recollection is of her father holding her up in a crowd, so she could see Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, hero of Waterloo. Then as a tot on the stage, with a child's skip and three words to say in the now forgotten play called "Pizarro"; then, in my mind's eye, the sheltered girlhood, so inseparable from the traditions of the "right little tight little island". Then the slim "school-marm" in the national schools; toast and tea; and marriage.

"Comes a youth with flaming feathers,
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger".

This "leaving all things" was soon to be a grim reality; but not before the sheltered home girl was fortified and solaced by the presence of two children. Blessed me motherhood, that dares all and bears all!

Emigration! Not mention of Van Dieman's Land and penal servitude could carry greater dread to the young wife! Yet not a word did I ever hear from Mother of the horrors of the sailing ship, of the trip into the wilderness beyond Milwaukee, of fever and ague, of lack of food, of dread of Indians. And then the retreat, a veritable rout, back to the city. Not a complaint of the rough ten-by-ten shack, and a Wisconsin winter; no mention of over-crowding, though this rough lumber shack sheltered a family of five. This was up the Milwaukee River, on Humboldt Avenue.

Then Riverside, and the octagon log house. Loiter here a little while with me. Retrospect was almost unknown to Mother, through a long and varied life, but if she had been in the habit of looking backward, I am sure she would have exclaimed: "It was here that Life found me. Though Death took my child, here I found Life, both temporal and eternal."

Father's conversion was often written up; his first fervor was a thing mentioned with awe by Mother, who never mentioned her own. Prayer was as much a part of her everyday life as eating or sleeping; "an ever-present help in time of need", a natural and spontaneous expression of relief and thanksgiving as well as petition. It is safe to say and believe that her last thought was a prayer.

Riverside being far from St. Francis where Father was teaching, a rented house in St. Francis, belonging to Victor Schulte, is the next milepost; and here the Scribe was born. Victor Schulte, as carpenter, and Carmody, as bricklayer, built the brick house on South Point, on five acres of land that the lake was steadily and quickly eating away. Mother's callers were mostly Sisters of Charity, Franciscans, Dominicans, and School Sisters of Notre Dame. We became quite used to the sable habits and white trimmings.

I have said that retrospect was almost unknown to Mother. I have often wondered if there was forecast at this time. The move from Milwaukee, the leaving of the comfortable brick house, the visiting nuns, the nearby chapel, must have been an awful wrench to her home sensibilities; perhaps as bad as emigration; perhaps worse. Mother, deprived of church and the ministration of priests, could not pierce the future and see herself called, "Mother of Priests"! Let not the careless church-goer make light of her deprivations.

—W. J. Dorward.

* * *

The following incidents have been furnished by family, relatives, and friends:

Mrs. Durward's English home was in Atherton, but her married sister, Mrs. Emma Hutchinson, lived in Manchester. Isaac Durward went to the Hutchinson home to paint the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Hutchinson invited her sister, Margaret, to come to have her portrait made. She did so. A whirlwind courtship between the young painter and Margaret followed.

A few years later the Hutchinsons came to America and the Durwards followed. Other members of both families from Scotland came soon after. It was a time of great emigration, those early forties, and a time of great pioneer privations, especially for the women. Mrs. Durward stood these privations better than her sister did; she seemed to be sturdier.

At one time when Mrs. Durward was living in Neosho and wanted to see her sister, who was living in East Troy, she started and walked there. At another time, for the same purpose, she walked from Milwaukee to Neosho, a distance of forty miles. Even when she was an old lady, she was a good walker. Perhaps because she never lost the habit. We think our grocery store is at a distance if we have to walk six blocks to it. She walked from the Glen to Merrimac, six miles; or to Portage, eleven miles, and thought nothing of it. That is, she thought nothing of it if everything went well.

One afternoon, Mrs. Durward started on foot for Portage, intending to remain over night for Easter Services. In the spring, the Portage marsh was often flooded because of melting snow and ice. When she came within about three miles of Portage, she met a neighbor whom she knew, on his return trip; so she stopped him to inquire the condition of the road across the marsh. He answered, "The road is very bad now, Mrs. Durward, and the river is still rising; you had better jump in and ride back with me, because it will soon be dark and I don't think you can make it." But Mrs. Durward had ideas of her own. Determination and religious fervor got the better of her judgment, so she continued her journey. Soon she reached a point where the water was over the grade; and, the darkness coming on, she found herself in the marsh. Hoping to regain the road she stepped from hummock to hummock, and ofttimes down between into the cold, cold water. She failed to find the road, but did find a piece of land surrounding a small tree, which was a support and around which she walked until daybreak. Got to church in the morning? Indeed *no.* With soaking feet and bedraggled skirts she turned around and went home.

Mrs. Durward never discarded the English matron's cap, as her sister did, on coming to America. The style of the cap changed from time to time, as shown in her portraits. For many years she netted them of heavy black silk thread. She also made this kind of head dress for Eliza Allen Starr, who wrote to her: "You must make all my caps for me hereafter as long as we both shall live".

The English cap was not her only individuality in dress. She had neither means nor inclination to follow the fashions; besides, her thoughts were on higher things. A new dress was made exactly like the old one; a plain waist, and a plain skirt, fulled on. One time, in Milwaukee, she had a new dress made by a dressmaker, Miss Katherine Murphy, whose usual customers were millionaires. The dressmaker followed Mrs. Durward's directions to the letter, and admired her steadfastness to a style that was all her own and suited her better than any other. These dresses had no pockets, but had two pocketholes. The pockets were hung underneath, one on each side; each one suspended by two strong tapes from a belt. The pockets were put on each morning as a separate garment. These pockets and their contents were a source of mystery to the children of more than one family. Her daughter has written a beautiful and pathetic poem about these pockets.

OUR MOTHER'S POCKETS

Only an old lady's pockets
    Tattered and gray and old;
But, oh, can you not remember
    The treasures they used to hold?

* * *

Up the steep pathway trudging
    A figure in black I see;
A wee girl runs to meet her—
    "Oh, what have you brought for me?"

"I've been so dood this long, long day
    Playing as hard as could be;
So, Muzza, what's in your pockets?
    What have you brought for me?"

"An orange from lands so sunny,
    More yellow than the curl
That straggles adown the forehead
    Of Mother's little girl.

"And here's an apple so rosy.
Now divide among you three.
That's all I have in my pockets,
All I could bring for thee."

* * *

The years sped by on wings golden,
Sable, russet, or brown,
And ever from out those pockets
Came things she had brought from town.

A pair of stockings for brother,
A cap or a gown for me;
And often some little goody
As a treat for us all at tea.

* * *

When in darkened room and silent
The last struggle for breath was o'er,
I listlessly picked up those pockets—
A penny fell to the floor.

Oh, love that surpasseth all other!
Our mother was well content
To give all she possessed to her dear ones
And reserve for herself—one cent.

Mrs. Durward was a great reader. To the day of her death she enjoyed reading good novels and memorizing poetry. When Father John visited her in Chicago for the last time, he recited a poem to her and left her a copy of it. Within a week she had memorized it.

Life at the Glen was not all roses, but she had her chapel and the stations of the cross surrounding it, and her own little statue of St. Joseph that traveled with her wherever she went. Every day, winter or summer, rain or shine, when at the Glen, she climbed the hill to say the Stations of the Cross. She had many to pray for and many favors to ask of her Lord for them all.

During quite a long period, when Mrs. Durward climbed the hill "to make the stations", a neighbor's dog (Blacklock's) would run to meet her at the first station; sit down "without a word", and when she got up off her knees, the dog got up too, followed her to the next station, and sat down as before. He always went the whole rounds, and when Mrs. Durward started for home, he ran off in the opposite direction to his own home, never showing the least inclination to follow further.

The fact that two of her sons were priests did not make her lose any of her reverence for that sacred calling. She always said "Father John" or "Father James" to her priestly sons. They never visited her that she did not kneel for their blessing, and when any of the family left, she could always be seen on her knees in the doorway saying a prayer for their safe journey.

As a young woman in England she had learned to net; to make lace by the same stitch that is used in making fish-nets. But, oh, the beautiful patterns she netted into that plain stitch. She made the lace for many albs, the long white garment the priest wears when saying Mass. Some of these she sold, and some were worn, and worn out, by her sons. One is in the Holy Land, five at the Cathedral in Chicago, several in Milwaukee, and others elsewhere. Of this same lace she made her little daughter's Confirmation veil, and many a yard for altar linens.

She also kept house, made and mended clothes, canned berries and dried fruits, as did all the housekeepers of that day. These were a part of "woman's work" of pioneering days. They did not count them hardships. But these things did not come first with her. From the day she joined the Catholic Church, she never wavered in her faith, and it was always the first concern in her life. Her children were reared in an atmosphere of devotion and piety, and she found time, without neglecting the needs of her family, to follow many pious practices recommended by Holy Mother Church.

"Guardian of the Glen".

O, bring the purple hyacinth,
The tulip's dewy wine-cup bring!
And lowly wind-flowers of the wilds
And all the blossoms of the Spring!

Bring, too, the early violet,
Of humble mien and odor sweet,
With tassels of the stripling trees,
And strew them at her feet.

And from the too long sterile heart
Bring flowers of gratitude! for these
Are dearer far to heaven and her
Than precious pearls from twilight seas,
Or any flower on earth that grows—
They shame the lily and the rose.
—From "The Two Women" by B. I. Durward.

REMINISCENTIAL

MOTHER NATURE seems to have touched with magic fingers the small slit in the hills named Durward's Glen. For some reason known only to the Creator, an atmosphere of discriminating spiritual receptivity prevails here, something one breathes into the soul, a sensitive submission to the Divinity and a clearer understanding of the music of Nature.

It is a reposeful experience to sit on the rim of the hill and look down into the depths through the leafy density and see and hear the silvery water singing and clattering its way to the big river and on to the sea; to feel the deep silence, to rest and drowse in the stillness, while some mysterious force blots out time and distance.

Soon one is traveling long forgotten paths, hearing voices long stilled, reciting poetry half forgotten, recalling faces loved and gone; dropping care, taking heart in forgetfulness, and making a scenic tour in the warmth and glow of the spirit that having traveled far has at last found rest.

One walks with exultant feet on the hills to come suddenly upon a cluster of lady slippers nodding—not gaily, but with a gentle seeming purpose; to stoop and touch the golden cups with devout yet reluctant finger, wondering if the legend has truth which tells us these dainty slippers were made for the Mother of our Lord. Wondering if somewhere the Lady, Guardian of the Glen, and her Child stopped in a survey of the world to place her feet in these golden slippers, to rest and let the "Lord of the flower and the evergreen" bless this charming valley. Why not? We know these hills, streams, and vales are charted in the divine plan.

The sound of a wood-pecker hammering away for dear life, building his house high up in a tree, shatters the stillness. His black and white coat looks much too elegant, too sleek for a carpenter climbing a tree. The swiftness and deftness of his strokes and his business-like manner give him an air of true artistry.

A few yards beyond is a graceful birch, very tall and slender, because it had to grow many feet to reach the sunlight. Near one of the topmost branches there is a whizzing, whirling glancing bit of color, hard to see because of the height and the shadows. All at once it disappears, seemingly into the branch. It is only a humming-bird, darting into its nest, which looks exactly like a swelling on the side of the limb. A more artistic home cannot be found anywhere among our feathered friends than that built by the humming-bird.

In the morning while the dew still sparkled, making white and gold diamonds—and once a blue—on the grass, I parted the foliage ever so gently beside the path leading to the fountain, to peek in and watch the hermit thrush singing his roundelay. Somehow my human clumsiness betrayed me and he disappeared into the depths. To see a hermit thrush and hear his song but once in a lifetime is a joy not soon forgotten.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning while it was still fresh and dewy, walking to the singing brook, I saw a lordly specimen of the blue heron busily eating his breakfast of brook trout; his long bill deep among the pebbles, gobbling a speckled beauty here and another there. I came quite close to him unobserved. When he saw me he did not stand upon the order of his going, but spread his beautiful wings and flew away. He left me wishing we might have been better friends—that he might have had confidence in me as a neighbor.

Meandering onward, I stop to watch a pair of young cardinals eating their breakfast in a meadow, swinging gracefully from the rue and meadowsweet. They have a delicate grace. Their brilliant coat attracts the eye and their musical note endears them to all.

The bluebird is my favorite and when he had the good taste to build his nest in the rose trellis and sing, swinging from a rose branch in full bloom, one could not ask for more. The bluebird is a gentleman among feathered folk.

In the evening we heard the birds go to rest, heard their good-night cheepings; we smelled the fragrance of the flowers and watched the stars come out. Walking along the flower-scented paths, we watched "the vestments of the May moth and the pilgrimage it goes" and learned how the "darkness holds all loveliness beyond the mere design".

Along the rocky defile, where the chestnut trees present an exquisite spectacle with the creamy pyramids of their blossoms filling the air with heady perfume, may be found the dainty rose that may have been the origin of the poem that gave to the poet of the Glen the title: Bard of the Wild Rose. To fully appreciate all this beauty it should be seen under the lavendar of the evening sky.

Farther down the slope where the trees are closer, a field of ferns of great density makes a charming home for the wood elves. There are none, you say? Oh, but there are! They may look like ants and dragon-flies to you, but I know better.

"There's a powerful pile of knowledge you never get in college;
There are a heap of things you never learn in school."

From August to October one can find the closed, or bottled gentian, as blue as the coat of a bluebird in spring, or as white as the soft white feathers on the breast of a dove. No matter what you do to the cluster of bottles on the end of the flower stem they remain closed. The tiny openings at the pointed tip of the bud will let the proboscis of the bumble bee enter to drink the sweet nectar from the bottle that never opens to the world. You would smile to see how greedily the bee sucks up this honey. It is the last he will find for the season. Once upon a time, the fringed gentian, too, graced the banks of the stream. It is rarely found now.*

Looking about, I spy the meadow where grows the maidenhair fern and the gay Turk's lily. So many of my floral friends are there I cannot pass them by. They seem to smile as I sit in the very center of a garden of ferns spreading glossy arms with their green sleeves broidered and scalloped, and I am lost in wonder at the beauty and variety of my woodland friends.

There are many worthwhile secrets of the woods, the trees, vines and hills—only one half-fay could know them all. Sermons can be read in stones, the fairy bells, the running brooks; and to be versed in Mother Nature's playthings—acorn-cups, daisy chains, pebbles, moss, and tinted shells—is something to be thankful for all life long.

My poor pen is inadequate. Yet I hope I have made you see that here the clash of the golden cymbals of the sun, and the silver flutings of the moon are at their zenith. That the brave and cultured souls of the founders of this home left an indelible impress. The trees and flowers spread the calm of peaceful days. The rolling hills invite the spirit. The talking brook is an inspiration to read the context of a message of love for all the world.

Reluctantly I leave this little valley, because my life has been the richer for having known and loved it all. And so, amid the scenes suggesting paradise, I leave the songs and singers asleep beneath the pines.

—Mrs. Hugh Kelley.

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* "The fringed gentian is the most beautiful in form and color of them all; but unfortunately, as well as being a favorite with the thoughtless and selfish posy-snatcher, it is an *annual,* being entirely dependent for next year's flowers upon this year's seed. Let us hope that in the years to come, as people become better educated and less selfish, they will prefer to gaze on the beautifully decorated banks of a stream rather than to see a bouquet of the choicest wild flowers on their parlor table." M. T. D.

Wild Flower Avenue.

SPARE THE FLOWERS

Withhold the devastating torch,
That fires the forest bowers
And sears with blighting, black'ning scorch
The tender, op'ning flowers.
Guard well the fragrant blossoms rare,
Of every rainbow hue;
The ferny fronds and grasses fair,
That bend with morning's dew.
Disturb not spring-time's songsters sweet,
Or wood-bird's cozy nest;
The wee wren's sylvan, safe retreat
Let nothing cruel molest.
Preserve God's glorious gardens green
Unharmed by vandal hand,
Mar not a peaceful rural scene
In all the sunny land.

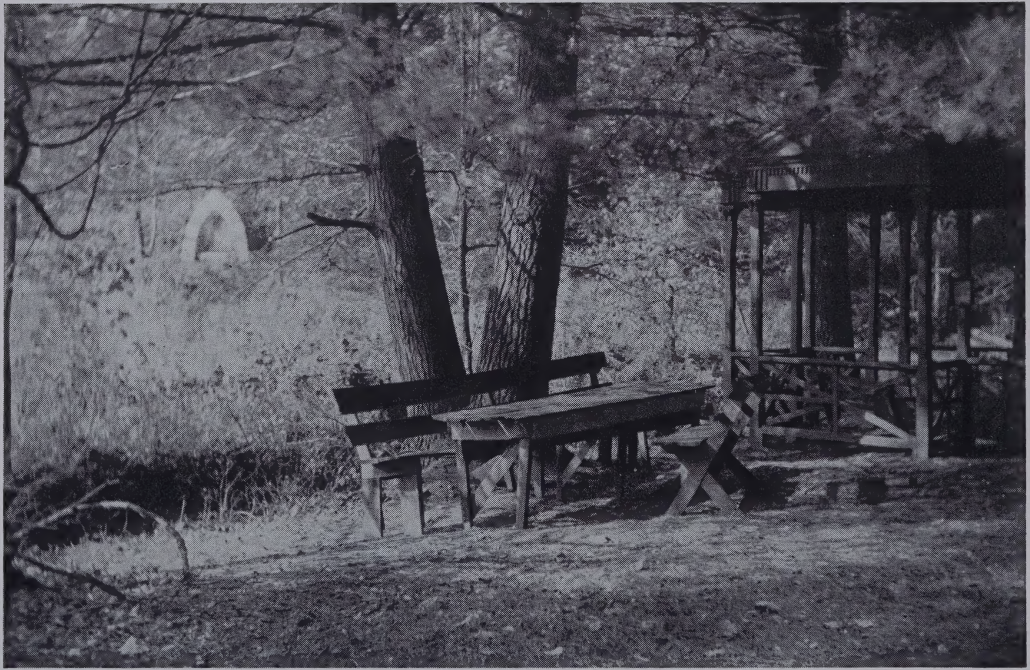
O ye who gayly wend your way
Through forest, field, and glen;
Who spend the blythesome summer's day
Far from the haunts of men,
Heart-cherish and in love protect
Kind Nature's varied charms,
Save them from thoughtless man's neglect
And everything that harms;
Lest when ye come this way again,
To view these places fair,
Ye find green groves, and bush, and fen
All birdless, bleak and bare.
That little children, following you,
May, through life's leisure hours,
Share lavish Nature's treasures, too:
Please! Tourist, Spare the Flowers!

—A. S. ALEXANDER,
Deceased July, 1935.
By permission of his son.

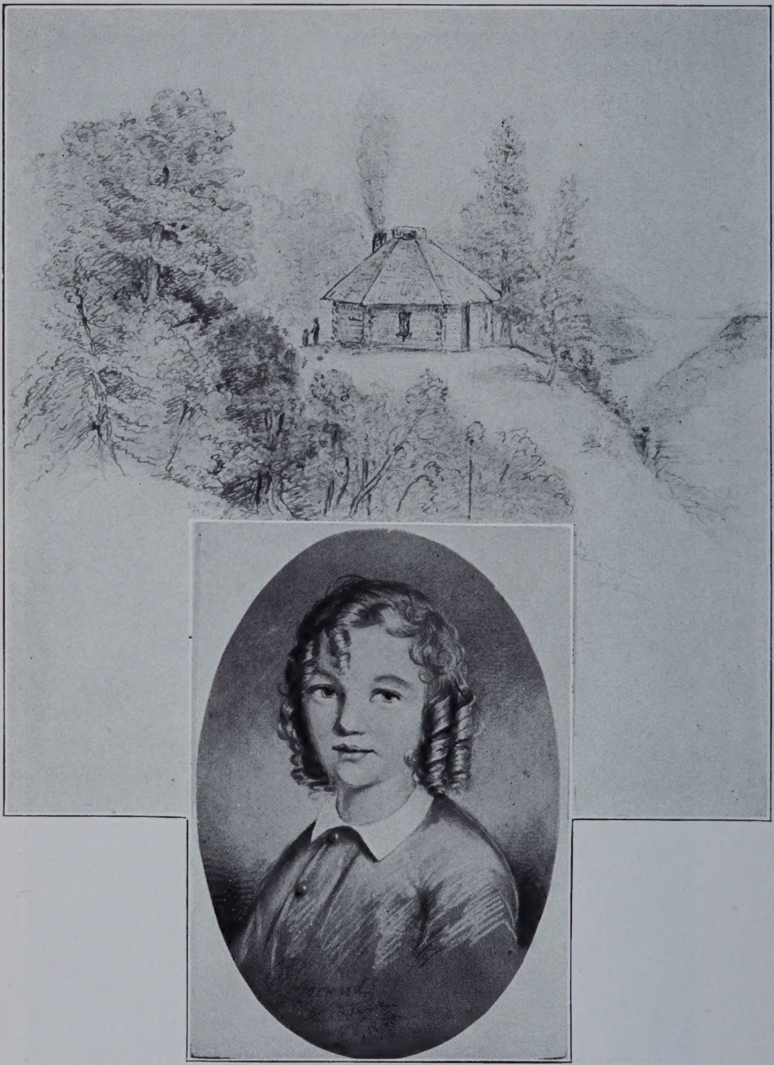
THE PICNIC GROUNDS—WINTER PINES.

Earth is wrapped in robes of white,
Cold, and deaf, and dumb, she seems;
All forgot the summer gleams
Of her flowers in beauty bright,
And the music of her streams.

—From "Winter" by B. I. DURWARD.



The Picnic Grounds—Summer.



John at Three Years of Age and Octagon Log House.

REVEREND J. T. DURWARD*

"FATHER JOHN"

"A MAN who has left deep cut, as in stone, the impress of his strong character, large mind, and clean heart, upon his church and upon a community in which he spent the most fruitful years of his life."

* * *

John T. Durward was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 7, 1847, and spent a happy childhood in an octagon log house on the banks of the upper Milwaukee River, on the site of what is now Gordon Park.

About his son John, who was called Emerson in his childhood, the poet-historian, B. I. Durward, wrote the following lines:

EDUCATION

Curled, blue-eyed mystery!
Why has thy history
Ne'er yet to man been given,
Thou last rich gift from heaven?
Is it because Nature,
So rich and so lavish,
Hath many like thee?
Or is it that man is
So Gothic and savage,
Having eyes, cannot see?
Oh! Nature can never,
Although she tries ever,
Like thee make another,
For a son or a brother!
Three summers and better
The sun's been thy debtor,

---

* Much of the first part of this biography is taken from "Life of Service" by Wilfrid J. Dorward.

For so throwing his light
From thy ringlets so bright,
Much further and better
Than without thee he might.
Yet he does own the debt,
When thy blue eyes are wet,
When from those wells of light,
Dimming thy own dear sight,
The crystal tear trickles,
Ah! Then he ne'er stickles,
But trembling on each drop,
His star signet is set!
Then to make peace with thee,
See how he treats with thee!
Giving to thee that citron
For a round stool to sit on;
Or to poise 'tween thy shoulders,
While the captive beholders,
Held fast by thy childish joy,
See Atlas once more a boy!

Thou art all Nature's now!
Art hath no part in thee;
Care hath not plowed thy brow,
Nor chilled the fond heart in thee;
Custom's slow-staining breath
Hath not come near to thee;
Penury, sin, and death
Have not brought fear to thee.
What good can I do thee?
Try to teach and subdue thee?
Ah, me! *Thou* art master,
For surer and faster
That same work you do *me.*
Gold I have none to give,
Nor acres to leave thee—
Yet He that bids you live,
Will never bereave thee
Of the sun, morn and even—
Of the wind and the shower—
The clear blue of heaven,
And the blue in the flower—

The smooth lakes that mirror
The pale moon and the star—
The dear brook at thy feet—
The gray mountain afar—
An eternal inheritance,
Beauty's own dower.

For what are you sent here,
With those spirit eyes to peer?
I scarce dare to kiss thee,
Though thou sayest thou art mine,
With those sweet lips of thine;
Yet my heart must aye bless thee.
For what are you sent here?
For what are you given?
You bind me to earth here,
You raise me to heaven.
Like rosy morn, or fresh young spring,
The boy looked up, with lips apart,
Full brow, and eyes that reach the heart;
He seemed to say, "I bring! I bring!
Lessons of Purity, of Truth, of Love,
Of Freedom and of Beauty from above;
An angel's work I do, without his wing!"

—B. I. DURWARD, 1850.

"As a young boy, he served Mass for the Reverend Anton Urbanek at the Convent Chapel of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, and it is believed that while listening to his angelic singing of the Preface, the young Acolyte first thought of becoming a Priest.

Not long after his father returned to St. Francis to teach, John entered the school there and began his preparation for the Priesthood.

Always a brilliant scholar, his studies were finished 'ere his years were adequate. This solved itself presently, and he was ordained at St. Francis by Bishop Henni in 1870. But, oh, how youthful he looked! On the way home after ordination, the party stopped at the Scotch settlement called Alloa (then the Glen Postoffice), and 'Braw Scot' friends and neighbors came out to the road to "crack wi' the laddie frae awa' yon."

"Weel," asked the hardiest, "an' hae ye got ye're degree?"

"Yes," gravely answered John.

"Weel, aweel! It's an awfu' responsibeelity for a boy—and we canna' ca' ye a man!"

His first parish was Tomah, Wisconsin, where he remained fourteen years. While at this pastorate, he had sometimes as many as seven out-missions. Among these were Sparta, Ridgeville, Wilton, Oak Creek, and Black River Falls. At least three of these missions had to be reached by team, and sick calls from great distances were not infrequent. But a Priest who kept a horse was allowed a salary of $800 a year. As I drove with my reverend brother frequently, I can vouch for it that it was not necessary to go to the 'Ould sod' for the local color of the lines,

"Came to my cabin dure,
And, on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon,"

And so I don't need to tell you that Father John was loved. He associated with and was respected and loved by the better class of Non-Catholics in every community where he lived."

Temperance reformers and legislators of today can look back and try to imagine how much before his time and theirs Father John was. This is what I want to point out: he advocated total abstinence, *not* prohibition. Total abstinence for the weak, of their own free will, on their own promise, with hands upheld by friends, relations, co-religionists, countrymen, and their own solemn, "So help me God." When they signed the pledge for a limited time, they expected to, and usually did renew it. That is what he worked for during these fourteen years. He also built a parochial school at Tomah. He was transferred from there to Seneca, Wisconsin, (a small town reached by stage from Prairie du Chien) where he stayed four years.

* * *

PART II

BY MRS. HUGH KELLEY

From Seneca he was sent to Baraboo, near his old home, to fill a vacancy. Here he had greater scope for his ability and talents. His sermons were indeed inspirational. No one ever listened to his aptly-worded discourses without being benefited. They who listened gleaned many helpful thoughts from him who "had been admitted to the laboratories of God to witness the growth and unfolding of a soul."

Of his great ambitions, the building of a beautiful church was very close to his heart. So the building of St. Joseph's church in Baraboo, which was dedicated in June, 1902, was truly a labor of love. It is a monument to his efforts and to the artist that was in him. In the building of it, he gave all too freely of his slender store of strength It was almost entirely his own planning. He studied church architecture for years before attempting to build. Even when he did begin, he showed an almost defiant courage. Perhaps it would be better to say he showed a trusting confidence in the abundant mercies of God. His was not a wealthy congregation. There was no building fund, no very rich members, but there was something infinitely better. It was the splendid driving force, the tremendous energy, that is necessary to the accomplishment of an ideal. Father Durward had this. He worked with brain and hands, saving the congregation many, many dollars in the building. It was his fine sense of artistry that designed the lovely chapel on the left side of the chancel, dedicating it to the Mother of Jesus. He also designed and paid for the fine marble altar in this chapel. It was he who selected the art glass windows in both the church and chapel.

He traveled much. In three journeys to Europe—1874, 1888, and 1909—he satisfied his love for the beautiful at the shrines of art in Florence, Venice, and Rome; and in two journeys to the Holy Land, he trod devoutly in the steps of his Master, and delved ardently into the deeper things of spiritual life. It was while in the midst of all this beauty that his dream church came into being, and gradually shaped itself for reality.

He retired in October, 1911, planning to devote much of his time to writing. But the Bishop sent him to La Crosse as Chaplain in the hospital for two years. Other duties were also assigned to him from time to time. While a pastor, he had found time amidst the demands of his church work to write. Besides contributing freely to the ecclesiastical journals, and other periodicals, he wrote, among other things, a volume, now a standard work, "Holy Land and Holy Writ", based on his studies and travels. The work of years of observation, study, and travel, it is an invaluable and informative book that takes one through the Holy Land from the beginning of Christianity to the present. The fact that he read and spoke several languages was helpful to him in gathering material for this book, and in his many travels. This book, his masterpiece, gives delightful glimpses of traveling companions, of travel in the towns, cities, wildernesses, the valleys and hills where walked our divine Lord.

All his life he worked conscientiously, dedicating his every effort to his divine Creator, to whom he offered all, for whom he endured all.

His poetry includes a volume, the *Building of a Church,* which is a remarkable study of church architecture through the ages, and shows his appreciation of art in its various forms. It is written in classic style, and offers a large field for study. His *Sonnets of the Holy Land* (thirty-two in number) is illustrated with photogravures of original snap-shots.

CONTEMPLATION AND LABOR

"MARY'S PART SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY."

Oh, Martha, of the kindly ministration,
The lowly pallet strewed, the meal prepared,
Read not dejected in yon declaration,
Censure from lips that have thy serving shared,
Whose deeper meaning speaks, if understood,
No blame to thee, but near beatitude.
"Thy part, Oh Martha! shall be taken away;
From hands the ache, from eyes the scalding brine;
The upturned face, the rest, these are to stay;
And Mary's part will soon be also thine."
But through this life must go the sisters twain;
While heedless souls from innocency stray,
While dusty feet and hungry mouths remain,
Still must our Martha work, still must our Mary pray.

In the small book, *A Casket of Joys,* we find a definition of the duty of joy. How few think of joy as a duty, yet the Apostles emphasized it by repetition. "Again I say, 'Rejoice'." And our Lord condemns those who do their good works—their prayer and fasting—sadly. "Joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost", and "is impossible without that indwelling spirit that keeps full the earth." So many choice thoughts are in this little book—it is a fine tonic and well worthy of the reverend author. Even in the prose comments, it has a lilt and luster that creeps into one's heart.

Even in his seminary days, Father John sometimes wrote poetry. Among these early poems is a memorial to a dear friend and classmate.

TO OWEN TEVLIN

Ah! green are the sods that we heaped on thy grave,
    As green as the grief that bedewed them with tears;
    As fresh as the sorrow that fades not with years,
That silently mourns when 'tis powerless to save.

And bright in the sod do the rose bushes bloom,
And scatter their fragrance abroad on the air;
Like the love that can never be quenched by the tomb,
That still lives and finds its expression in prayer.

But greener the leaves that encircle thy brow,
The laurels of heaven that never shall fade;
Ah, brighter the roses that bloom for thee now;
The thorns of this earth with such roses are paid.

More immortal their green than the green of that isle,
Thy own beloved birthplace, the Emerald sod;
And deeper the blush of these Heaven-roses smile,
For their petals are dipped in the wounds of a God.

Epitaph

Like the angel of old at the sepulchre stone,
I announce to the passer that "He is not here",
'Twas only his ashes we bore on the bier;
His spirit has gone on its journey alone.

During the World War, he wrote a Litany for Peace:

LITANY FOR PEACE

(For private devotion)

Lord have mercy!
Christ have mercy!
Lord have mercy!
Jesus hear us!
Jesus graciously hear us!
By the hymn of the angels at Thy birth,
By Thy salutation to the Apostles,
By Thy voice to the waves of Galilee,
By Thy blessing to the sinner,
By Thy prayer for unity among Thy disciples,
By the love that was to mark Thy followers,
By the great peace offering of the Cross,
By Thy departing promise: My peace I leave you,

Give us peace!

From the ambition for empire,
From the greed for territory,
From the blindness that is injustice,
From the selfishness that is theft,
From the liberty which is license,
From the love of money which is idolatry,
From the hate that is murder,
From the hardness that will not pardon,

Deliver us, O Lord!

By the helpless cry of orphans,
By the anguished tears of widows,
By the groans of the dying,
By the dead in unblessed graves,
That Thou wouldst make all Nations to dwell as one,
That the hearts of Rulers may be as wax in Thy hands,
That having learned in affliction, we may turn to Thee,
That our Holy Father may be recognized as chief Peace-maker,
That wars may cease from the Earth,
By Thy title: Prince of peace,
Lord God of Armies,

We beseech Thee, hear us!

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Grant us peace!
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Grant us peace!
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Grant us peace!

Let Us Pray!

O Lord! from Whom alone are right counsels and just works, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts being disposed to keep Thy commandments, and the fear of enemies being removed, the times by Thy protection may be peaceable. Amen! Amen!

The following poem was also written at that time:

THE BROADER PATRIOTISM

"There was no more sea,"
And, no more islanded
The multitudinous shores;
Nor sundered be
By warring waves on self intent;
The sea is fled;
One nation continent
Makes pan-humanity.

"Our Father! May Thy kingdom come!"
Be this our watchword: "Peace on earth!"
And on our flag, of every tint,
Of perfect worth:
One Father, God;
One Brother, Man;
One Fatherland—the world.
Swinging it from every steeple,
Flinging it round every people.

Shout it in the school!
Shout it, wise and fool!
Speak it! Seek it!
Sing it! Ring it!
Say it! Pray it!
Save it! Have it!

This, in brief, was the life of a man who has been a power for good in the community where he did an exalted service with humility, lived generously, and died beloved.

Father Durward's death occurred September 9, 1918.

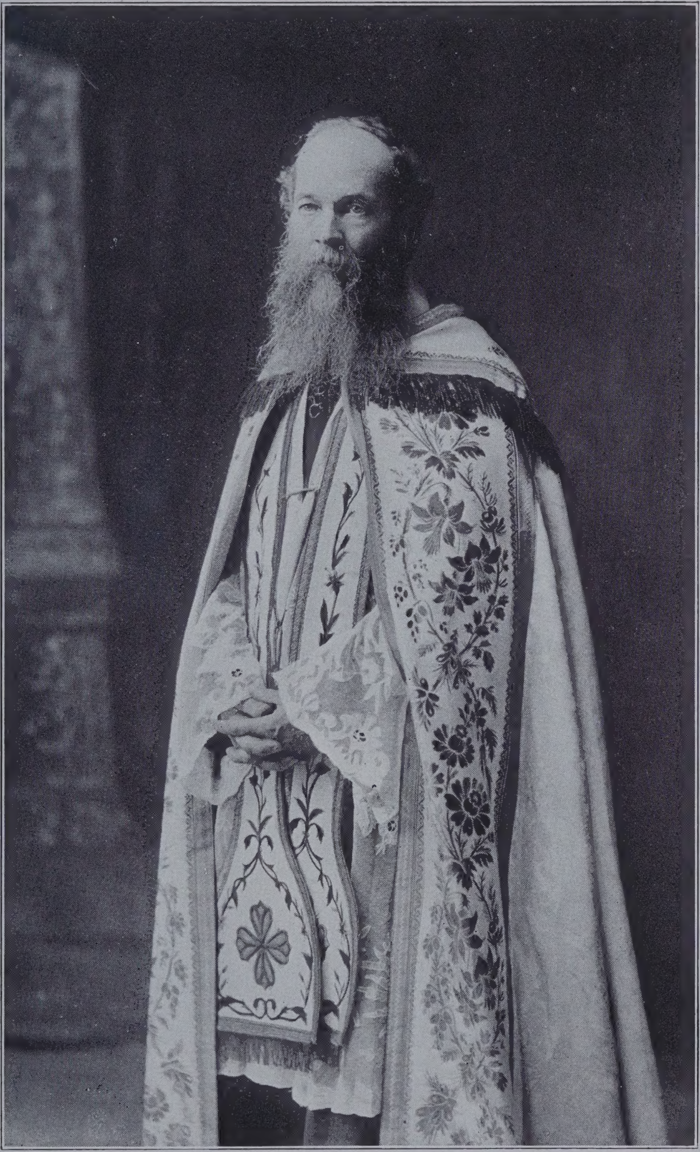
TRIBUTE TO FATHER DURWARD

Father H. C. Hengell of St. Paul's University chapel, Madison, paid the following tribute to Father Durward, deceased, at a K. of C. war service flag dedication at St. Joseph's church, Baraboo:

"Father Durward's death lends a tinge of sadness to the dedication of this service flag. Practically all the fighting men whom we are honoring on this occasion knew the good and gentle Father Durward very well. He blessed the marriage of their fathers and mothers; he baptized many Baraboo men who are now at, or near, the front. He heard their first confessions and administered to them their first holy Communion. Even as you and I, they will be shocked to hear of his death. They will, I believe, send up a little prayer for him, and I fondly hope the very thought of this gentle priest will prepare them the better to die, if need be, with their souls facing God.

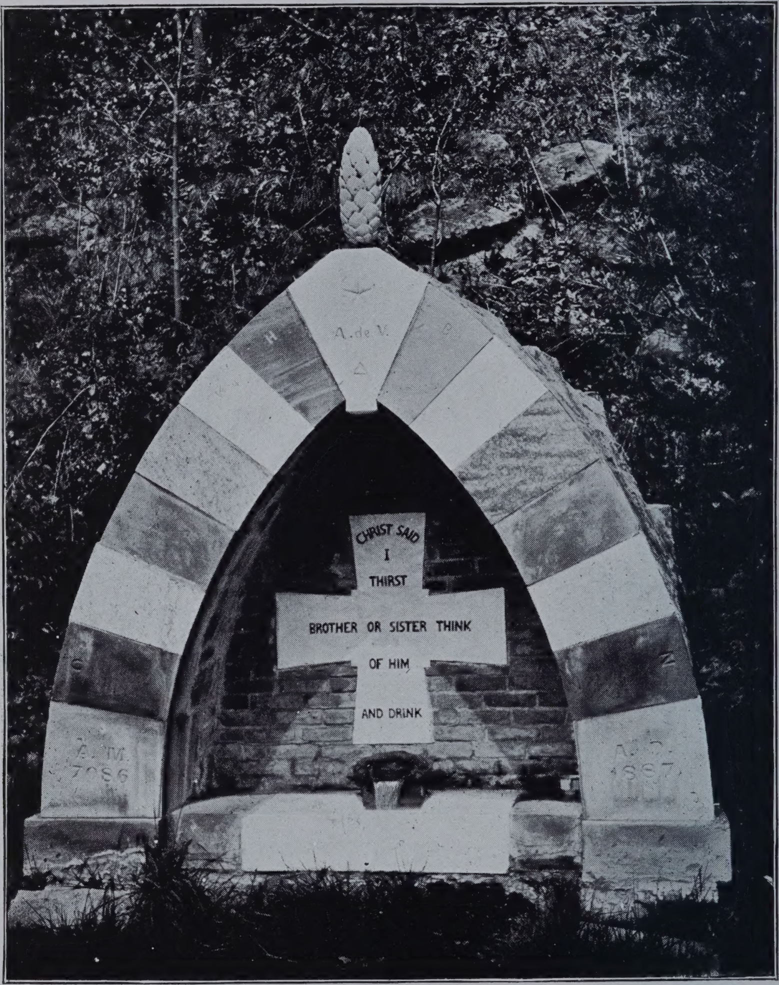
"Even though no star represents Father Durward on this service flag, its warp and woof may well symbolize his influence still permeating the lives of the fighting men whose stars are represented on it. Good and gentle Father Durward; in life perhaps often misunderstood even as was his Master, Jesus. His service star is bright in heaven, for we have the word of inspired Holy Writ for it, that 'they who instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity'."

"Their noonday never knows
What names immortal are,
'Tis night alone that shows
How star surpasseth star."



Rev. John T. Durward.

"He wrought in words,
And builded of stone,
And by grace in the hearts of men."


A. de V.
CHRIST SAID
I
THIRST
BROTHER OR SISTER THINK
OF HIM
AND DRINK

"The Fountain That Gushes".

A never-failing spring of living water was enclosed in a stone arch, beauty thus being added to usefulness, and a pious thought presented to those athirst: "Christ said, 'I thirst'. Brother or sister, think of Him, and drink".

A MEMORIAL TO FRIENDSHIP

IN THE stones forming the Gothic arch over the fountain letters and symbols have been cut to commemorate a few of the names dear to the Glen folk.

In the keystone are three; on the sides are the others. * is to call to mind Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, authoress, lecturer, and friend.

△ is for the Durward family. The Greek delta was an early nom de plume of B. I. Durward and a signature often used on his paintings.

"A de V" is for Aubrey de Vere, Irish poet (1814–1902) with whom Mr. Durward corresponded for years.

"B" is for James Booth, wood-carver; a friend in Manchester, England, and later in the United States. In Milwaukee he carved the eagles on St. John's Cathedral.

"P" is for Coventry Patmore (1823–1896) an English Catholic poet. The Patmore family and the Durward family corresponded for over forty years.

"Z" is for Valentine Zimmermann, a Milwaukee merchant, devout churchman, and well-loved friend.

"N" is for Capt. John Nader, a civil engineer of Madison, Wisconsin, and a frequent visitor at the Glen in the early days.

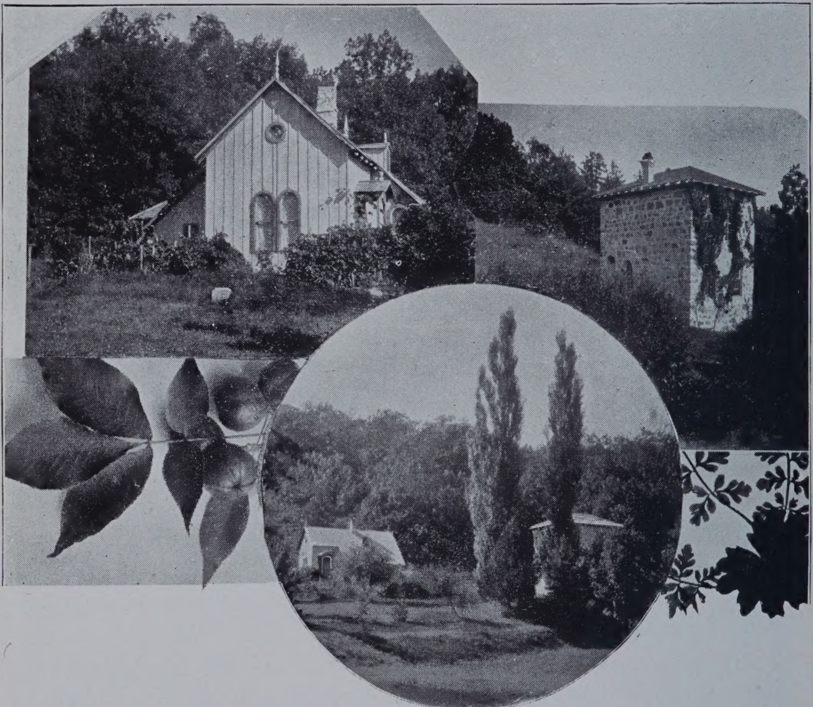
"H" is for Joshua Hathaway, who arranged with the artist-poet to paint a picture of Archbishop Henni.

"R" is for John Ruskin, English art-critic and essayist, whose writings were held up to the Durward children as a standard in English.

"M" is for Andrew Mullen, an early friend and probably one of the 'lay-apostles' responsible for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith.

"O" is for W. J. Onahan, one of Chicago's civic leaders, often called "Premier Catholic Layman of the United States".

The pine cone at the apex of the arch may have been chosen to show that all are under the protection of "St. Mary's of the Pines".



Cottage and Art Gallery—About 1870.

THE ART GALLERY

WHEN the stone building which now houses the art gallery was built, it was said that it was to be the corner of a monastery. Even at that early date the Durward family planned that the Glen should be the home of a religious order. The Monastery idea has come to fruition at Durward's Glen, but the Art Gallery remains an Art Gallery. It is two stories high, made of stone quarried in the neighborhood, and built on the side of the hill from which the fountain issues.

Just inside the door is a registry which rests upon the folding writing desk used for many years by the father of the family. Many of these registry books have been preserved and contain the names of noted visitors; also repetition of names of people who come year after year. In this room, also, are the easel, palettes, and palette knife used by the artists. Even the gourd which contained water for their brushes still hangs on the easel. Here, too, are the pictures of the four Popes in whose reign Father John T. Durward served as a priest, three of whom he visited.

Only one painting hangs downstairs, opposite the stairway; a midnight, moonlight scene of the Glen, an eerie picture that makes one feel the chill and the silence of the hour. A small room, on this lower floor is now used as a store room for books and other things.

On the upper floor are oil paintings and crayon portraits by the two artists of the family. The pictures show the work of B. I. Durward during fifty years, the earliest being a crayon portrait of his wife done in England shortly after their marriage, in 1842, and the latest the fruit pieces he painted in the early 1890's. The range of subjects is great—family portraits, scenes, (always with a figure in them) fruit, flowers, birds, etc. The largest of his paintings is of a peacock and two peahens; the most exquisite one, (kept in the home) a miniature of the Mater Dolorosa.

The outstanding pictures in this collection are the Madonnas by Charles P. Dorward; the Madonna of the Finger, and the Madonna of the Embrace.

One little girl on being asked, on her fourth visit, why she came so often, said, "Oh, the paintings! They look more beautiful every time I come!"

Among the family keepsakes in the Art Gallery are the candle molds and the market basket used by the mother of the family and the sampler made by *her* mother when a child; also the dining table used by the family for many years, and the mother's rocking chair.

Besides the pictures in oil and crayon by B. I. Durward and his son Charles, remaining in this gallery, many others too numerous to be listed here are scattered throughout the country. A card index of about one hundred forty of these has recently been made and is kept in the Art Gallery at the Glen. Many others, known to exist, have not yet been definitely traced.

ANDREW DURWARD.
"Blossoms, Bees, and Song".

ANDREW DURWARD

"Blossoms, Bees and Song"

THERE is a phrase that you have heard and perhaps used; "Of the earth, earthy". There is a more beautiful phrase I wish you to hear and sometimes use: "Of the earth, heavenly". He who with labor and love makes two green blades to appear where only one was seen before, who adds one bird-voice to our listening ear, deserves well of us and should not be forgotten.

You have heard often of the "simple life", but probably, in this day and age, have never known one who really *lived* it. Andrew, our dear brother, really lived the simple life, close to nature always. He built many of the houses he lived in, and sometimes much of the furniture as well. He had an aversion, perhaps an abnormal aversion, to debt. At one time, he lived with his family in a house with but one window for weeks, until he earned enough money to pay for the others as he bought them. Though he sometimes read books, he did not care much for them; his ideas were from within, brought out by what he saw in nature. What then was his "Jacob's Ladder", linking his earth of foodstuffs and shelter with his heaven of the emotions? Music and flowers.

He had a great love of children; they naturally belonged with his blossoms and songs. He once made and presented to a school, sixty bouquets, one for each child. And they all smiled, which was recompense enough for him.

Andrew was born in the little brick house on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Milwaukee. He was less than two years old when the family went to live at Durward's Glen in the little log cabin. His mother often said that he was the only one of her children who had an un-understandable baby talk. One day, he threw a pebble across the brook, and turning to the grown-ups for appreciation of his efforts, he piped; "Tant a dolden hai tow pitty ta?" As no one appeared to understand him, he kept repeating the sentence over and over, but it was a long time before anyone was able to translate the baby talk, "Can't the golden hair throw pretty far?"

The coming of Sister was the one great event in Andrew's life at this time, and the episode is chronicled in verse by his brother Wilfrid.

THE WONDER-GLIMPSE

A rustic seat beneath a poplar's shade,
A luscious home-grown melon, twice in twain;
Three brothers busy with the feast thus made;
A father building airy towers in Spain.

Three boys, three rinds, a father down to earth,
"A sister's birthday we now celebrate,
A Goldenhair, a treasure of great worth;
Andrew's the seventh; hers, yes, hers is eighth."

Then Andrew's little feet adown the path
To the house did quickly patter in a run.
"Another golden-hair!" We gleeful laugh;
And quickly follow on to see the fun.

Go, trusting childhood! Gleeful go before!
Go, Innocence! Where angels fear to tread!
He gets his wonder-glimpse, once past the door—
Humanity's wee mite upon the bed.

Then Mrs. Towers, ruthless, thrusts him forth;
But he's seen his sister, counsellor, chum—
He's found his polestar, true as north-by-north;
His trusted confidant in years to come.

Then came life at Wild Rose Farm, the building of the new home at the Glen, and the return. Through the years that followed, Andrew undoubtedly learned that painstaking thoroughness as a gardener, carpenter, and joiner which marked him all through life. Thorough, painstaking work generally means slow work, and he was admittedly slow. His work was well done always, and he was never a slacker.

Some time after Charles' death, Andrew became chief worker and manager at the Glen. This position he held for many years. During this time he went into bee-keeping. He found and captured a local swarm of "Blacks", stingers; then a starving swarm of Italians, which he had previously bated near his hive. He procured a book written by a celebrated bee-man, A. I. Root, and later subscribed to a magazine called "Gleanings in Bee-Culture" by the same author. Andrew did not care much for books in general, but he did care for, read, and study books on any subject in which he was interested. It was curious how Andrew, the simplest and most primitive of modern men in many ways, should be attracted to, and successfully learn, the most systematized and away-from-nature agricultural pursuit—bee-keeping.

While at home he married Bertha Wienke, a daughter of the neighborhood. He and his wife remained at the Glen for a year or more. Before their first son was born, they went to Michigan and bought a farm near Amble. He cleared the farm, built a small house, planted fruit trees, and, of course, flowers. Their children, two sons and a daughter, Linus, Alan, and Clara, were born there. They lived on this farm until the little daughter was six years old. Then they sold out and moved to Washington, locating on a farm near Chahalis.

His marriage did not prove a very happy one, and he was divorced in 1907. His wife remained on the farm with the children, and Andrew went to a farm near Olympia.

Andrew is the only member of the family who gave "hostages to fortune". His son Alan was among the victims of the World War. His daughter, Clara, married Robert Lentz. They had one daughter, Frances Geneva, and a son, Donald.

Linus and his wife, Virginia, had one daughter, who died in infancy. They are the happy parents of four sons, William, Ray, Richard, and Max, who carry on the family name.

Andrew was living at Mud Bay, Washington, when this country entered the World War. His second son, Alan, was drafted and went to Camp Lewis for training. He eventually reached France, but only to die in a hospital at Brest.

AT REST—BREST

We had not met as usual-wise,
    Both lovers of the woods and streams;
I meet thee oft in other guise,
    O Boy in Khaki of my dreams.

I knew thee only as a name
    And kin; simply unmet by chance;
And then the meager message came:
    "Alan Durward died in France".

Death grim, heroic, swiftly grand,
    "In harness" it was not to be.
"They also serve who only stand
    And wait", perhaps eternally.

Thus, in the mind's eye and the ear,
We, safe at home, may realize,
Daily and hourly, year by year,
Who dies in service, never dies;

Thus hear the ghostly bugles blow
The phantom "Halt! Deploy! Advance!"
And see the crosses "row on row"—
The tens of thousands dead in France!

* * *

We had not felt the clasp of hands;
(Both lovers of the woods and streams)
There are other fields in Other Lands
O Boy in Khaki of my dreams.

Perhaps there's things we still may share;
Time's heal, the mind's unhurried glance,
Securance vast from carking care;
A memory's tablet—"Died in France".
—W. J. D.

How did Andrew, a man of peace, react to the war, and the loss of his son? If he wept, he kept it to himself. He sent books and money, more than generously, to the Red Cross; and after the war adopted two French orphans. He refused to sing certain songs that were "too teary", as he expressed it. He did say that he would have preferred that Alan had "Died in harness"; that was all. To the dear companion and chum of his childhood and youth, his sister, he sometimes showed the depth of his bereavement. Showing her his son's last letters and enclosed blossoms, he exclaimed: "Why do I keep these to weep over, again and again? I am lonely; have always been lonely".

Andrew had a light tenor voice, but what it lacked in volume was made up in intensity of feeling and pathos. In "A Homesick Rhyme", his father says:

"I long for my golden-haired Andrew,
Who sings like a linnet all day."

He took music very seriously. At Olympia, he had a singing class for adults, and a brass band for children, both taught gratuitously. He furnished instruments to all who would use them. In Texas he spent much time teaching music to the boys of the colored race, whose kindly temperament appealed to him. These colored children played a requiem at the funeral services at his grave.

He visited his sister in Tacoma before he decided to go to Texas. He appeared at his brother's door one morning to bid him good-bye. To his brother's mind came a passage from Shakespeare, "Forever and forever farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, we'll smile; if not, this parting were well taken." An affectionate handshake and he was gone.

The last of many letters to his sister and brother was from Yoakum, Texas, stating that he was in better health and spirits, that he had made a garden and sowed poppies which should bloom in March. In March came the news of his death, after only three days of serious illness. He had been conscious to the last and sang hymns the night before he died. His death occurred March 19, 1926.

It was Andrew's wish, often expressed, to be buried where he died, so he is buried in Yoakum, but in the cemetery at St. Mary's of the Pines at the Glen is a stone in his memory, put there by the sister who loved him through the years. On it are engraved the blossoms and the bees which were his companions through life. There is a legend that the bees always carry the message of their keeper's death to the flowers and Nature's creatures.

A NATURE LOVER PASSES

Bees, go tell the things he treasured—
Oak and grass and violet—
That although his life was measured
He is with them yet!

Tell the wild rose and the clover
That the earth has made him over!
Tell the lilting loitering stream
He is sharer of its dream!
Whisper to the April wood
Of his blending in its mood!
Tell the wind his spirit flows
In whatever path it blows!
Tell the thrush it draws its art
From the rapture of his heart!
Bees, to his green shelter bring
All of earth's bright gossiping:
Tales of feather, flower, or fur;
Sap upmounting, wings astir!
Now we may no more attend him,
Bid his loved wild things befriend him.

—*By permission of the author,* DANIEL HENDERSON.

THE BIRD CHOIR

BIRD choirs are nearly all soloists, each song is perfect in its way and perfectly rendered, and the variety is most pleasing. Many a little country or village choir quartette thinks itself composed of soloists, and they often sing four tunes at once, but the harmony is not improved thereby. Our feathered choristers are of rural extraction and abode also, but though they often sing their various songs together, there is no discord. One is somewhat puzzled over this, and the only theory or reason lies in the great altitude of bird tones, and their consequent rapid vibrations, which do not jar on each other so much as slower and lower ones do.

A tireless band of songsters, full of quaint humor and musical enthusiasm, these shy sylvan friends are very near to the heart. Some of them make melody through the hours of darkness, an ecstatic full-voiced chorus greets the dawn, and even the dread heat of the August noonday is braved by at least one hardy and good-humored little musician. But they are only summer guests and leave us to our regrets in the winter.

Who has not listened to and loved the song of birds, even if indifferent to all other music? One almost feels as if a musician derived little or no advantage from his knowledge and love of sweet sounds, for in spite of the many attempts to write down the music of bird songs, it never has been successfully accomplished, and never will be. Bird voices are too high, and their variations of intonations too slight to be caught and analyzed by even the most sensitive ear, and how much less could they be represented by clumsy notes and rests, even if caught.

Any time after the dead hush of midnight, especially if the moon is in the heavens, the domestic cock is liable to be heard chanting more or less musically, "I'm going to get up, I'm going to get up." On such nights the gamey cock Partridge may also be heard beating his throbbing tattoo, but he does not mistake the hour; rather he is a midnight philosopher, wakeful, and tired of contemplation. Both these voices are uncertain and intermittent, and merely serve to emphasize the silences between. Even the dreaming Chipping Sparrow, whose song goes off like a miniature silver alarm clock close to a window when disturbed, only makes us feel more sensibly the depth of the hush resting on everything.

THE WOOD THRUSH.

Yet hark! Now we truly hear the first song voice of the new day, yet only conceived, not born. "Pray-for-me, pray-for-me; yes-you-shall; whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will." How many a poor sufferer with wakeful brain and thirsty lips has listened to this voice and been eased by the hope of the coming dawn! Yes, it is coming surely however dark it may be; the Whippoorwill is good authority. Unlike many other songsters the Whippoorwill tunes up immediately on arrival in the spring, and it is popularly supposed that the farmer on hearing it concludes that it is time to plant corn. It may be that the voice of the Whippoorwill is a misleading one in this regard,—but he does not mean it to be. No, sir! He is a bird that emphatically attends to his own business. This consists in catching a stomach full of insects, and lending his voice to a chorus rehearsal during the last few, as fell as the first, hours of the lonesome night watches.

Another persistent songster is the Grass-Finch. The Song Sparrow, the Chipping Sparrow, the White-Throated, and the Fox Sparrows are all tuneful harbingers of daylight, and very likely take turns awakening the bird choir. They may also be heard singing at all hours of the day.

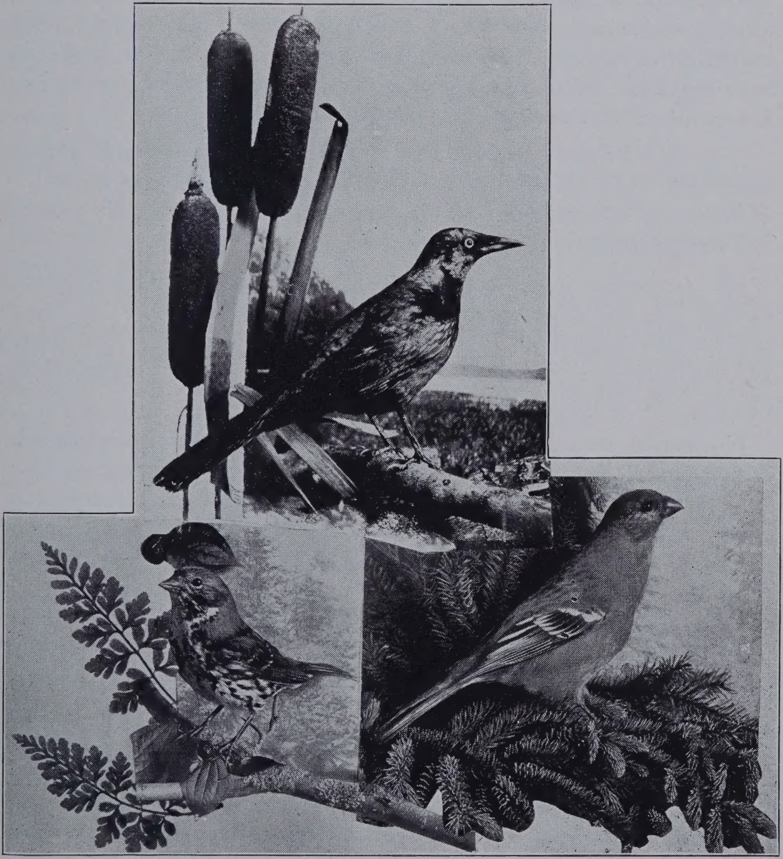
The Towhee, commonly called Ground Robin or Chewink, is another morning voice. Quite early he may be heard exchanging a quiet "Cheewink" with his mate; soon he mounts a stake, brush-pile, or small tree, and tells us his simple serial story of "que-co-hee" at intervals of a minute. Old maids think he says "Drink-your-tea!"

The Brown Thrasher is a robust, hardy mountaineer, quick, though a trifle awkward of movement, with blazing eye, and the finest dramatic voice in the whole bird choir. Though full of courage, and an open admirer of the haunts of men, he is possessed of a real boyish shyness when singing, and if he notices you listening, will stop at once; but, like a good singer, he is often carried away by enthusiasm, and can then be approached with ease.

The Hermit Thrushes are shy, and their songs are seldom heard within hailing distance of each other. The Wood Thrush is more domestic, more numerous, and shows less fear of man. Its ecstatic exclamations issue from every nook and corner of the dewy thicket as the darkness falls. Think of the sudden short tinkle of a silver bell, a fervent exclamation of rapture or devotion, the sweet senseless murmur of the young mother to her babe, and then hie to the twilight woods and hear the Wood Thrush for yourself.

The Robin is safely ensconced in every heart and dwells with simple contentment with the "children of men". He hops around our dooryard, and sports in the meadow, sings matins and vespers on the top of the sheltering house tree, and nests in the orchard. His nest is deep and substantially built, composed of coarse grasses and small sticks on the outside, then a heavy coating of mud, and lastly a soft lining of very fine dried grass, on which are laid six bluish-green eggs. The mud-masonry of the nest is moulded into shape against Robin's plump breast, and left to dry several days before it is lined.

The first voice heard in the spring is the Shore Lark, but he is a winter resident. Flitting over fields deep wreathed in snow with bright cheery chirp even in the dead frosts of January, he is a sort of 'hail-fellow-well-met' at all times, but does not favor us with his song proper until towards spring. Presently he is joined by another brave little vocalist, this time a returning wanderer from the South. "Where-are-you, where-are-you", comes cheerily across the lingering snow wreaths as spring with the Bluebirds in her train suns herself in sheltered nooks and corners, until the tardy winter shall move out and give her possession. If the winter proves obstinate and refuses to vacate until ejected by that mighty ruler of the seasons, the Sun, the spring retires in dismay, and the poor Bluebird is forced to fly for shelter to the barn and stockyard, and to subsist on an unaccustomed diet of grain and dried berries. But "Winter will not last forever", is the hopeful refrain of this spring pioneer, and soon indeed the skies take on the color of his wing, and the last vestige of snow flies affrighted before the fiery glances of the sun, leaving the naked but glad earth the warm color of his breast.



Fox Sparrow, Purple Grackle and Pine Grosbeak

Not until the spring is well advanced, and the semi-hardy birds such as Thrushes, Blackbirds, Bluebirds, and Robins have all reported for duty and wished us good morning, do the more aristocratic birds in their rich liveries grace the woodland with their presence. Foremost in this gorgeous procession is the Oriole, jauntily wearing the striking colors of Lord Baltimore. He is very indifferent in regard to his singing, and though possessed of a remarkably fine voice, will only sing when he feels like it. He sings rapturous snatches of melody; hums, chants, and whistles at intervals as he saunters around, pleasuring among the bursting buds and fruit blooms, but never seems willing to give us his complete song. Perhaps he is too indolent to learn a piece clear through, and if he is I do not wonder. Good clothes and admiration have spoiled many a good singer, and Mrs. Oriole is often hard at work building her curious and beautiful nest, while her graceless spouse in his Sunday suit and richest warble, sits looking on and bossing the job. Dudes do not all belong to the Genus Homo.

The Red-Winged Blackbird is a dude, with his red and yellow epaulettes. His song has a commanding, dictatorial ring to it, but he is much too self-conscious of his good looks. He ruffles his plumes and strikes an attitude, like the fop that he is.

Not far behind in self-conceit and foppery is the cowbird, parading himself and his most unmusical vocal performance before his many wives. His song is no better than his moral character. The Rusty Blackbird can at least sing, and a treeful singing in concert has a very pleasing effect, like the splashing of a waterfall.

No merrier songster revels in the spring weather or scatters broadcast a more rollicking, intoxicating, delirious, gleeful shower of bird laughter than the Bobolink, that jingling versifier of the meadow and the marshes. Little, but indolently active, dressed like a harlequin, a constant singer, he will not be long in your neighborhood before you make his acquaintance, and a very pleasing holiday maker he is.

How different from these birds is the Scarlet Tanager. He wears his gorgeous suit of crimson trimmed with black with royal indifference; perhaps he has noticed how soon such outside glitter fades as his will presently do, leaving him a sober, dingy, yellowish green like his mate. In striking contrast to his changing coat is the ever thrilling interest of his song even while his tropical splendor of hue is fading from neck and bosom. While chanting in rapt heroic strain among the topmost boughs of the forest where they still catch the departing sunset, he often stops and utters his pensive watchword, "Chip-ah", and then resumes his song.

The Rose-Breasted Grosbeak is possessed of a pretty name, a mellow sweet song, and the sweetest of tempers, but in his song we miss the spiciness that variety is said to give, and as he is quite generous with his vocal accomplishment, it soon becomes flatly monotonous. Listening to him for the first time, his finely modulated notes falling on the ear with an indolent ripple, one is tempted to exclaim, "I should never tire of it". But one does. However, the Grosbeak possesses good looks, and a most useful trait apart from his music. He devours the Colorado Potato Beetle.

Who has not felt that lightsome feeling that brings a song to the lips and a smile to the eyes, that sense of perfect well-being begot of good health and absence of mental worry? "Lightsome and spring-like", we say, and with these words will ever be associated the song of the Meadow Lark. It takes one back to youthful days. Hear the infectious laughter, the girlish scream, the boyish shout, and ever and anon a sweet "Yes-it-is-me-that-you-hear" from a yellow and black throat that never has a cold.

His distant cousin, the Crow Blackbird, on the contrary, seems always to be suffering from throat trouble; in fact we will have to suspend judgment in regard to his claims as a singer until he has done something for that dismal croak of his.

Along this borderline of bird song we find the Vireos. Their notes come dropping, liquid, pearly beads of music, from the edge of the woodland, and we listen with bated breath. The hackneyed song-form is not there, but the sounds are melody *per se,* and could never issue out of any but a singer's throat. The Red-Eyed Vireos and the Warbling Vireos make exquisite dip-net basket nests that are the admiration of all students of bird architecture, and usually cling to their fastenings for two or three years.

The Mourning Dove seems content at all times with the companionship of his mate, and is rarely seen in the society of his fellows except incidentally in the Fall on some favored feeding ground. There is not a sweeter or more melancholy voice issues from any feathered throat than this so richly vocal. You think of the half-checked sob and stifled sigh of human grief, while your ear drinks in this plaint sounding so full of sorrow, yet in reality tremulous and brimming over with a different emotion, that of perfect satisfying love. At regular intervals, with sweet silences between, this epic love song of the wordless creature will slip like sleep with a soothing charm into the half-consciousness of a tired brain.

Time was when the clear whistle song of the Quail would come piping up from the ripening grain field with the hot breath of July, and when the progress of a covey threading their way Indian file through a tangle of briars and hazel brush, could be marked by a cheery "Ah-hee-he, ah-hee-he". The real Quail call is "Ah-bob-white", and is frequently heard in the morning and evening. For years these birds were missed from the straw-stack in the winter, from the buckwheat stubble and the sumac grove. The cruel blizzards and the still more cruel hunters with shotgun and box trap almost exterminated them; but with years of protection they have multiplied and are again heard and seen in their old haunts.

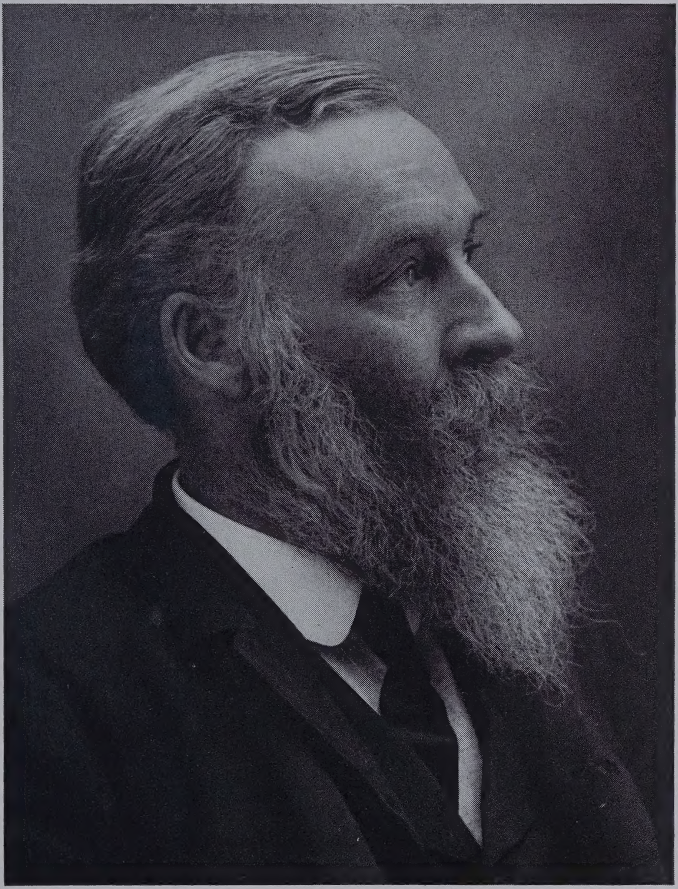
And then comes the numerous family of Warblers, the Chestnut-Sided, the Redstart, Black-and-White Creeper, Yellow Throat, the Oven Bird, and many others. The Oven Bird's song has been well described as "O teacher, *teacher,* TEACHER," for all the world like the remonstrances of a boy being whipped, the tone increasing with the blows. So well known is this interpretation of this song that the bird is often called the Teacher Bird.

The Sparrows are our song birds par excellence in the early part of the year. By the middle of May the Chipping, Field, Song, Grass and White-Throated Sparrows are all in full song. The Chipping Sparrow's song is a delicate shake, like that of the Black Snowbird, or Junco, and may be described by "che-he, he-he, he-he, he-he-he-he-he-he." That of the Field Sparrow is often mistaken for it, but may be distinguished by the gradually increasing speed with which it utters "chea, chea, chea, chea, che-he- he-he-he-he." The Song Sparrow has the most dramatic utterance; *"chee, chee, che-he-he-he-he-he-he."*

FOOTNOTE: I. The American Cowbird, like the English Cuckoo, has no domestic life. It builds no nest. The female bird lays her eggs in the nest of a smaller bird, especially in a cup-shaped nest, from which the little bird cannot eject it. The Cowbird egg hatches first and the lusty and greedy nestling grabs all the food. The other little birds die of starvation. It is no crime, but a 'good deed' to take the cowbird's egg out of the song bird's nest. For every cowbird's egg destroyed, the lives of two or three song birds are saved.

II. CARDINALS: The "Partial List of Winter Birds" was made by Wilfrid Dorward and published in his book, "Annals of the Glen". To this list must now be added the Kentucky Cardinal. In the early days at the Glen there were no Kentucky Cardinals. It is only within the last twenty years that they have been noticed. Since then they have increased and become quite tame. They have also nested at Devil's Lake, Madison, and Baraboo. They are more numerous in the South, but are year-round residents wherever they live. However, the song (especially that of the female) is much sweeter in the Southern states than in the Northern ones.

III. In its day and season, the passenger pigeon was very common at Durward's Glen. It has been extinct for many years. A very fine specimen, mounted by Wilfrid Dorward, is now at the State Teacher's College in Milwaukee.



WILFRID J. DORWARD.
"Musician, Author, Naturalist".

WILFRID J. DORWARD

"THE NATURALIST"

WILFRID DORWARD was born in Milwaukee, March 14, 1857. He was brought to The Glen by his parents when they came in 1862.

He was "mama's naughty boy", much more full of mischief than his younger brother and sister. He hung a pail on the cow's horns, tied up its tail, chased it round the barn, and played all the other pranks that a boy on a farm, who is too young to be put to work, can find to do. He bossed and teased his little sister, sometimes carrying his play so far that he frightened himself. This teasing disposition lasted till he was grown up, but was curbed by himself, so that no harm came of it. He always saw the funny side of everything. It was often said that "Wilfrid's sense of humor saved the day".

His early education, like that of the rest of the children, was gained at his mother's knee. Beyond that, his education in literature was directed by his father. But most of his knowledge was obtained from books and close observation along the lines in which he was particularly interested; music, taxidermy, photography, and nature. And, also, as a teacher would say, "He learned to do by doing." He was an avid reader in many lines and enjoyed fiction as a relaxation. He was a great student of nature, and his readings in that line only supplemented his observations.

He was an abstemious man; both food and clothes were secondary considerations to him. When he had money, he preferred to spend it on mental enjoyment, "Food for the soul."

When Father John was pastor at Tomah, Wilfrid lived there with him for a time. It was there that he got the rudiments of his musical education, which consisted of a lesson or two and a lot of hard work. It was there that he taught himself taxidermy with the help of a few lessons, and the collection of birds and animals that was so long at The Glen was begun at this time. This collection was an order from Father John and was loaned to the parochial school in Tomah, during the remainder of Father John's pastorate.

The gift of a camera from Father John was an impetus to learn photography. All these three lines, music, taxidermy, and photography Wilfrid kept up for many years; and to them, later, he added writing. When he left Tomah, he went to Baraboo and earned his living as a taxidermist and a music teacher.

An increasing lameness, caused by an injury, made it necessary that he consult a doctor. Father John took him to Chicago. Here he heard Grand Opera for the first time. The final outcome of his trouble was an operation; an amputation above the knee. He says, "The operation was performed in Milwaukee, Father John being present at the operating table, Mother on her knees in the hospital chapel. With his kiss I went down into the 'Valley of the Shadow', his voice, mingled with Mother's, broke through my unconsciousness on coming to."

After this, he took a long vacation at The Glen. Later he worked in many towns in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Minnesota, before he finally joined his sister in Tacoma, Washington. In this locality he made his home for the rest of his life. One of the joys of this period of his life was a family reunion at the time of the San Francisco Exposition, Father James being the only absent one. This was the last time Father John, Wilfrid, Andrew, and Mary were together, and the last time the three in the West saw their brother. Wilfrid and Father John made a trip to Mount Ranier, and the next year Wilfrid, and a companion, spent five weeks on the slopes of this mountain. He took photographs and made slides for an illustrated lecture.

He published a volume of poems, *Mother and Others,* in 1898, *The Annals of the Glen* in 1901, and *A Life of Service* in 1919. While in Washington, he wrote *Glimpsed at Tidewater,* and had a large collection of beautiful colored photos for illustrations, but it never reached publication. He left a book in manuscript form on teaching music, and plans and notes for a continuation of the history of the Glen.

After Father John's death, Wilfrid made three trips to Wisconsin, each time to assist his sister with family belongings, pictures, and The Glen property. He planned another trip the next summer, but died the June after his visit in 1926.

Mary Grace Terry writes thus of Wilfrid, "To Wilfrid, each bird had a distinct personality. He knew their songs, their habits. Their songs meant life to him, as shown in the following beautiful lines, which are his:

TO A VARIED THRUSH

Ecstatic bird that greets mine ear
When all things else look dark and drear
What cheer!

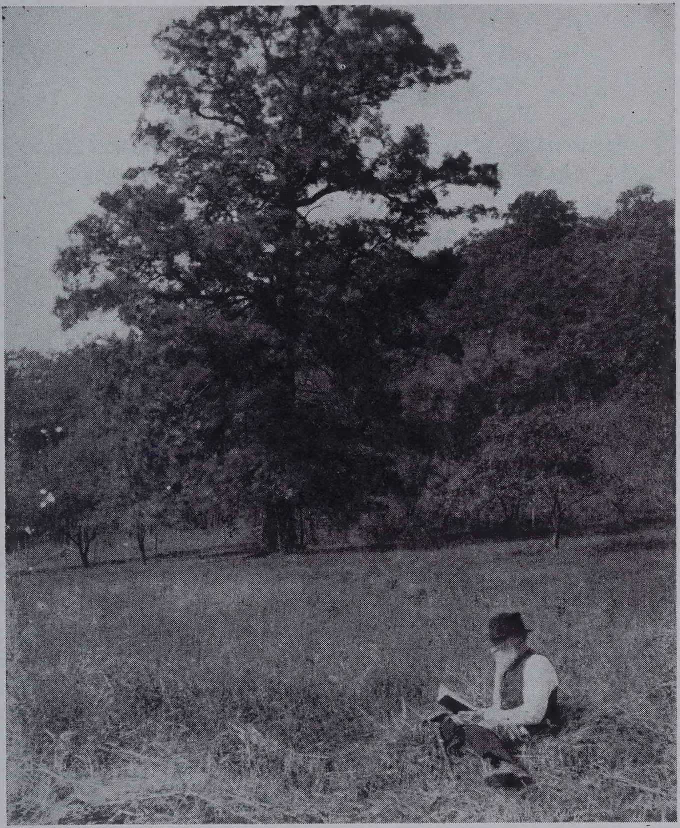
While I the lower levels grope
Thy flutings sound far up the slope.
What hope!

Promising gossamer fine spun
And blossoms when the day is done,
And sun.

"The 'Would-be-Scribe' was to me a real author. I do not know of anyone who could express more beautifully his thoughts than Wilfrid Dorward. He would spoil the beauty sometimes by something irrelevant. When any one would discuss this with him, asking the cause for certain statements, he would say, 'Why, those are the shadows, they bring out the central thought.'

"Wilfrid was childlike in his simplicity, and in his faith in his fellowmen; an humble man, visionary, and a dreamer. The following lines are from a poem written by him many years ago, the paper now yellow with age. It is very expressive of himself.

"When I go hence, my short poor work-day o'er,
Leaving much more of wasted toil than gain,
Much that in charity earth fain would cover,
Perhaps some trifle that might well remain,
Let me have strength to wield the torch and beacon,
Leaving no skeleton in closet, no pretence;
Nor let me leave in mad array Life's scribblings,
When I go hence."



The Glen White-Oak.

"Hail! Mightiest of thy kindred, rear thy head
Proudly aloft, unharmed by drought or storm;
Ages you've looked down on the quick—the dead;
And ages hence you'll keep us winter-warm.

"Firm on yon hillside be thy station still;
Over the earth the coming millions swarm;
Face thou the dawning, teach us strength, until
Thy stored-up sunbeams keep us winter-warm."

MIDNIGHT MASS 1870

HAVE you ever, at winter midnight, in a tiny stone chapel with rubble walls, with rough open rafters to the Gothic roof, heard Christmas Mass?

Familiar to you, of course, the well-heated city edifice, ablaze with electrics, the organ's vibrant thunder, and the pealing of the soaring sextette in Adolf Adam's wondrous "Noel":

> "Fall on your knees! O, hear the angel voices!
> O, Night Divine! O, night when Christ was born!"

My mind goes back through the years to between the rubble walls: to the outside darkling midnight pines, and the blazing midnight stars, and the crunch, crunch of converging feet in the crisp deep snow. Down from the wooded bluff, up from the valley, even from the distant town they wended here. Good Mrs. Jolly and Professor Dassi were the choir, and they brought their own harmonium.

Far off St. Francis furnished of its dignity, scholarship, and sanctity this night of nights, for it was the First Mass of the newly ordained John Durward. Home to the little chapel he had helped to build; to the roof-tree that had sheltered his vacation studies; to the proud father by whose side he had been educated; to the prouder mother who loved him as a son and reverenced him as a priest! A home-coming indeed! Only one other more impressive, if not so joyful.

Though one of the altar boys, I remember only a little of the wonder of that night; of the music, and the sermon by Father Rainer; of the packed hushed congregation who stood or kneeled, there being very few benches.

Then the stars again, and the nip of the frost, and home.

—W. J. DORWARD.

MIDNIGHT MASS 1935

SIXTY-FIVE Christmas nights have come and gone since that "Night of nights" at The Glen. For eighteen long years "beloved Father John" has been sleeping in the "white city on the pine hill" in the shadow of St. Mary's of the Pines. It is Christmas Midnight again! The little chapel with its rubble walls and its memories stands a silent sentinel on the hill. There are no lights coming from its windows tonight—no candles are flickering on its altar. There are no lanterns lighting the path up the hill.

The scene has changed. In the valley below, within sight of the little chapel, looms a new building against a background of dark woods —a building made of logs. A chapel is on one side; a tower of stone with gilded cross rises above the roof of old-fashioned shakes. This is the Novitiate of the Camillians, members of an order of mercy and charity founded over three hundred years ago by St. Camillus de Lellis. Folks are wending their way here this Christmas Midnight. They are coming again "down from the wooded bluff and up from the valley." Many of them are the children and grandchildren of those who came on that long ago Christmas Night.

It is quiet, except, again as on that other night, the "crunch, crunch of converging feet in the crisp deep snow." The same "darkling pines" lift their arms to the skies. From the belfry in the tower a bell peals forth in the clear midnight air. It rings out the glad tidings of the Savior's birth, and of that first Christmas carol sung by the angels so many centuries ago.

"Glory be to God on high
And on earth peace to men of good will."

Inside the chapel there is peace and quiet. The chapel is lighted only by the light of the two sanctuary lamps. Their constant light casts glints on the altar of polished logs, the bark-roofed tabernacle. It lights the hand-wrought iron candlesticks with their flickering candles. It gives life to the bright red poinsettias. Near by is the Christmas crib in its stable made of logs and fragrant with Christmas greens. Joseph and Mary, with the gentle shepherds stand guard over the infant Jesus. The star is there, too, guiding the wise men who will come later with their gifts of Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh.

Into this setting of beauty for the presence of God is heard the voice of the Father and Brothers. They are in the sacristy as they sing:

"The snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ the Lord was born
On Christmas Night.

The angels, too, were there,
And sang this song:
'Venite adoremus,
Dominum'."

Immediately the chapel is ablaze with lights and from the inner room come the Father and three Brothers. Tonight, far from the land of his birth, Father Konieczny, with the red cross of mercy over his heart, sings the High Mass. Brothers Vogel, Garrity, and McCann answer the joyful Glorias, and sing that old hymn, "Adeste Fidelis", as the faithful come, one by one, "joyful and triumphant" to receive into their hearts the new-born King.

There is no sermon tonight. The simple impressive service has been a sermon in itself; the hearts are full. After reading the Gospel of St. Luke telling of the "tidings of great joy", Father wishes all a Blessed Christmas and thanks the congregation for the Christmas gifts of food and dainties brought before Mass by them, and for all their kindness toward the Novitiate. It is a new experience for this Man of God. In Europe such things are unknown. It is really the only pioneer touch to this event; that, and the usual meeting of the Father and the congregation after Mass on the porch of the Novitiate for the exchange of greetings.

There is one sad memory in it all; there are no Durwards present *this* Christmas night. With one exception, they are sleeping their last sleep. Only the little sister, Mary Thecla, who was the flower girl at that first Mass and carried the wreath of flowers, lives today. And she was unable to attend. The others—they will always live in spirit at Durward's Glen, for it was their strong hope and their great faith that there would be Mass, not only Christmas Day, but every day, in their beloved Glen.

Wilfrid's prophesy has come true. The change has come. The Glen, so loved by them is not "unloved and untenanted." It is a "Night of Nights" again at Durward's Glen! It is Christmas Night!

—Mary Grace Terry.

A TALE OF TWO GARDENS

"ONCE upon a time" a small party of tourists was gathered around the flower garden at Durward's Glen. One of the party, a young lady who appeared to know "all about the family and place", was spokesman. "Now, this is the old original garden, planted and tilled by Mr. Durward and—"

"Pardon me, young lady", said an elderly man who happened to be passing by, "but I fear you are laboring under a mistaken idea in regard to this garden."

"Well, we shall be *de*lighted to listen to you, (old man), if you happen to know anything that *I don't know.*"

"First, allow me to ask you a question", he said. "Where did you acquire the knowledge which you are so freely meting out?"

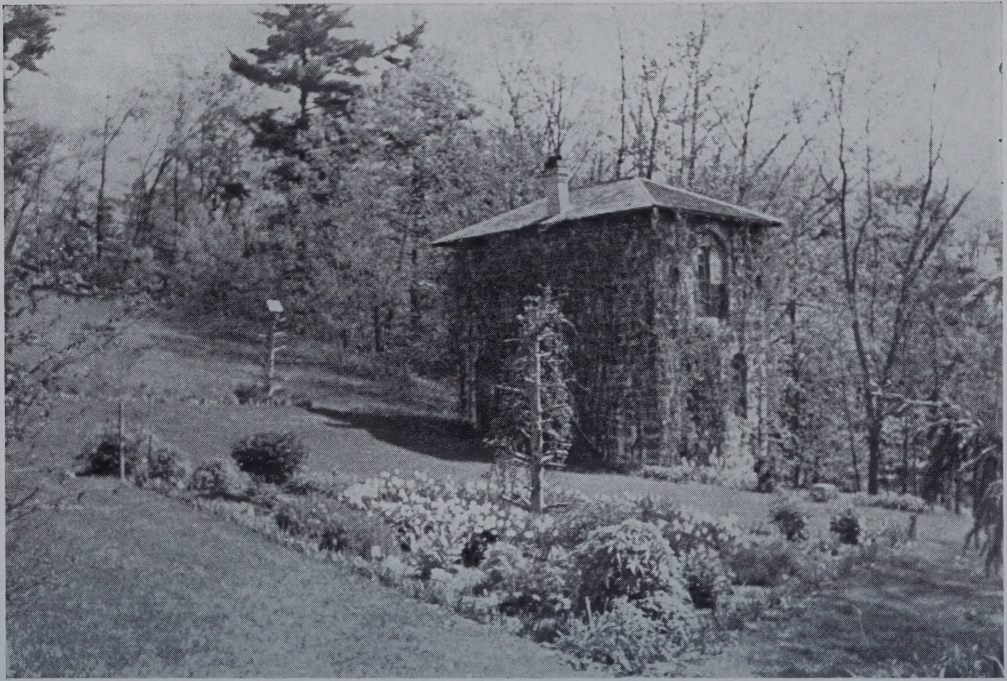
"Well—er—yes, Mrs. A. told me that Mr. B. told her that Mrs. C. said on authority of *one who knew* that Mr. Durward was the originator of this flower garden."

"Thanks, that is *exactly* what I thought. A sort of tradition that did not start with the truth. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a man of mature years."

"Oh, a trifle past maturity, I should judge", said the girl.

"Don't mind her, Sir, go on", said one in the crowd.

"All right. Many years ago when I was a young man, I had the honor of quite a lengthy talk with Mr. Durward. He happened to be walking in his garden that morning, and I asked permission to look at his beautiful roses, then in bloom. Mr. Durward was a charming man and seemed pleased to show me around. He told me he had a friend in Milwaukee, a nurseryman, who furnished him the rose bushes, from deepest crimson up to white. He then repeated a poem of his own composition. This poem was about roses, but I have forgotten it. You probably know that he was one of Wisconsin's most gifted poets. His flower garden was not located where this one is. Furthermore, it was of a different design; a large circle outside a smaller one. I could easier draw the design than explain it; however, perhaps I can make you understand. There were four walks, rather wide, leading from the outer edge to the inner circle, around which there was a narrow walk or path. It was an old-fashioned garden with



Delta Flower Garden.

many perennials. The spaces between were planted each year with annuals, and cared for by Andrew and Mary, his two youngest children.

"And now, appreciative listeners, shall I continue, and relate what I know of the present garden?"

"Aye! Aye! Sir!" said the tourists.

"It shall be done. First, imagine a lapse of time—many years. My friend, Mr. Durward, had long been sleeping in the shadow of the pines, and that, his beautiful garden, was overgrown with brambles, noxious lilies, and other weeds. His daughter, Mary, came back to the home of her childhood, in the year 1923. There was much restoration work to be done on the grounds in general, and the garden in particular. The old garden site was not available, being overshadowed by the large spruce trees. These trees had been planted by Mr. Durward, and were quite small when he laid out the first garden, so she decided to make the new one somewhat to the north; and also to change the design, making it a triangle. This was purposely done as a memorial to her father, who frequently wrote under the nom de plume of "Delta", and signed his paintings with the Greek Delta (Δ). I had a long talk with Miss Mary recently, and she told me all about how she had planned her flower-beds. It was to be an old-fashioned garden, with many of the same flowers that were in the former one. But when it came to roses, the scheme could not be carried out, because in the passing of years, the pests that afflict this most loved of all flowers had increased and multiplied to such an extent that one would require perhaps a dozen different sprays, and a pump in hand morning, noon, and night to keep them in check. She did try three hybrid perpetuals, one at each corner of the bed, but as they were not 'perpetual' bloomers (and two of them died) a dicentra was set just outside the roses to mark the corners early in spring.

"Miss Mary tells me it is difficult to keep the rare or uncommon flowers in place—they won't stay put. One year the dicentras were beautiful, fine large plants with a profusion of blossoms, and she thought her efforts with this flower were crowned with success. But lo and behold! next spring but two corners were marked, one plant having evaporated. When a hardy perennial plant mysteriously disappears, Miss Mary informed me, she uses the word "evaporated". One meets with many disappointments in a flower garden from various causes. She mentioned another case of evaporation. She had an unusually fine Virginia Cowslip which called forth much admiration. Visitors would remark, 'Isn't that a beautiful flower? Simply wonderful!' The Virginia Cowslip is a hardy perennial which does *not* winterkill, according to Mr. Toole. It is an early blooming flower, and the leaves die down during the summer. One fine summer's day, Miss Mary noticed a depression in the soil and a small root on top. She commenced to dig carefully, and found many more pieces of newly cut roots. Most of her large fine plant was gone. These are just two examples. She tells me I'd be tired if she recounted one half the cases of evaporation that have occurred in her garden.

"In planning the Delta Garden, there were many objectives in the mind of the planner; first, a succession of bloom; second, a color scheme; third, as many of the old-fashioned flowers as were available; and fourth, as many of the new and rare ones as her income would permit. The first color scheme in spring is, at present, purple and white. The outer border around the entire garden is of the dwarf purple iris, and the border of the inner circle, of Narcissus Poeticus. This usually works out quite well, but many times the color scheme is upset by the flowers refusing to bloom on schedule.

"At present, ladies and gentlemen, you see the scheme for July Fourth, well carried out, but some seasons either *red, white,* or *blue* gets contrary and says, 'Mary, I have decided *not* to bloom until next week!' This is all that at present I can recall of what was told me. Adieu!"

"Good-bye! and thanks!" the tourists all echoed. "We hope to see you here again, Sir!"

THECLA

Where the rocks with sombre shadows
    Overhang the sparkling stream,
And the pine trees spread their branches,
    Ever fragrant, ever green,
Thecla oped her eyes of azure,
    Wondering as in a dream,
What the tones of happy voices
    And the gleams of light could mean.

On her head the wave baptismal,
    Freeing her from sinful stain,
Duly flowed from hand anointed,
    And she took her place among
Pilgrims of the Cross, who journey
    Through the twilight and the rain
To the everlasting dwelling
    Where immortal souls belong.

Ruder sounds have not come near her
Than the plaint of mourning doves,
Or the crystal fountain singing
As it gushes o'er the stones,
Or the songsters of the forest
Warbling forth their guileless loves,
Bleat of lamb or wild bees humming,
Or affection's gentle tones.

Earth hath made her destined circuit
Twice around the central fire
Since the infant came to bless us;
Now the music of her voice,
As she speaks the name of "Jesus",
Lifts our aspirations higher
Far than aught of earthly treasure,
Makes our inmost souls rejoice.

O, sweet Mother of our Savior,
Shield her through the storms of time!
We are frail, but thou art mighty,
Keep her innocent and holy,
Keep her soul from sin's dark wound,
Till she reach the radiant clime
Where, with thee and sainted Thecla,
Light and peace and love are found.

—B. I. DURWARD.

Mary Thecla Durward.

MARY THECLA DURWARD

FRIENDS of the Glen and frequent visitors need no introduction to the editor of this book, but for the information of new acquaintances among the readers, she has consented to a short biographical sketch.

Mary Thecla Durward was born at the Glen, has always called the Glen her home, and has loved it all her life, though she has been far from it at times. The family (father, mother, and five sons) gave glad welcome to the new baby who arrived soon after they had made their home at this beauty spot. She was born on St. Thecla's day, and the father said, "Of course we'll call her Thecla". Her mother promptly said, "Her name must be Mary, but Mary Thecla if you like". When she was baptized, and the name was asked for, her father answered, "Thecla Mary". But the mother made prompt correction, "No, Mary Thecla". And "Mary Thecla" it was.

She was never robust or strong looking, yet she enjoyed an active out-door life with her brothers. She has many happy memories of the short time they lived at Wild Rose Farm, of visits to Portage, and of one visit to her Aunt Emma Hutchinson at Neosho, Wisconsin.

Her mother wore old-fashioned dresses and clothed her little daughter in out-of-date dresses, too. At one time, in Portage, she was at the home of a friend over night, and the boys laughed at her old-fashioned dress. Her loyal friend defended her and said, "You don't know style when you see it". One bright boy said, "Well, May, if pantalettes are so stylish now, why don't you wear them"? So Mary Thecla was hustled into the house and her pantalettes were pinned up. At her home she was given an unusual amount of petting and care, but she did not become a spoiled, wilful child.

The mother in the home was the 'Primary Teacher'. Besides reading and writing, she taught each of her children the skills she thought necessary, directed their interests, and gave to each a careful early religious training, while attending to the household duties of a pioneer home. The father later directed the reading and studying of Mary Thecla as well as that of his sons. Among her special interests were botany and literature. She had an intelligent enjoyment of Ruskin and Shakespeare at a much earlier age than the average student of today. She did some work in her father's line with pen and brush, but she would say of this work of her, "Nothing much". Some of her friends have seen some creditable youthful work that seemed to indicate a talent that might well have been further developed with profit.

During some happy years at Tomah, where Father John was pastor, she completed her scholastic preparation for entrance to the Illinois Training School for Nurses. There she went through the usual drudgery of a nurse's training course. It was hard training for a hard profession, but she enjoyed it, and later did private nursing for some years. Still, most people would agree with the doctor who said, "No, I can't recommend you for district nursing". When she protested that she had thought he was satisfied with her work on private cases, he said, "Yes, I was, and am, satisfied; but you are not strong enough for *that* sort of work. You would last only about two years". Her reserve strength and will power carried her on and through many difficulties when others would have given up. She made many warm friends among doctors, patients and fellow nurses.

THE GLEN COTTAGE—1935.

Among her appreciative patients was Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who paid her a lovely tribute in the poem called "Thecla".

While she was nursing, Father John offered her a vacation; pleaded, indeed, that she join him on one of his European trips, but said that she must "start at once". So she started. She did not lack a literary, artistic, historical and religious background for a trip of this sort, but

THECLA

By Eliza Allen Starr

Our Anemone we named her
When, a winsome guest, we claimed her;
April's flow'ret, pink and white,
Was our maiden at first sight;
Shy, too, as a little fawn
From its native woodland drawn.

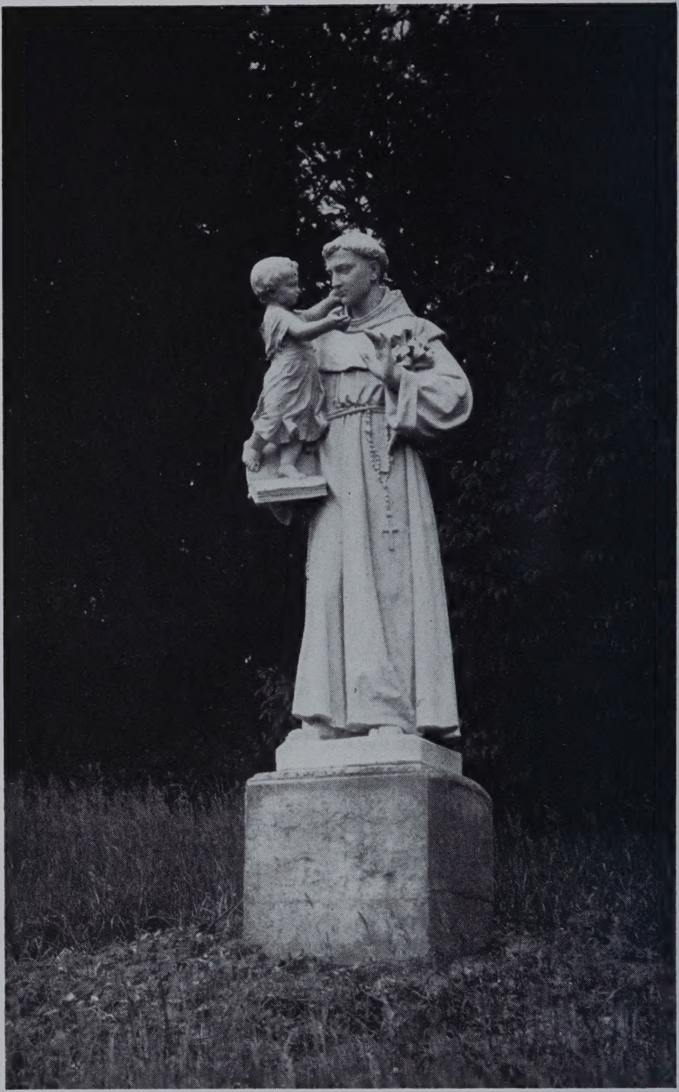
Still the cheeks are pink and white,
Eyes still twinkle with delight;
Slender, tall, with modest ways
As in childhood's artless days;
With an added charm and grace
Mantling all her form and face.

Sympathy is woman's dower,
Sweetest fruit of sweetest flower;
Sympathy is Thecla's charm,
Swift, responsive, tender, warm;
With a touch that takes the sting
From all human suffering.

Our Anemone we called her,
Call her still with smiles today;
For the world has not enthralled her,
And her graces round her play
Like those morning breezes when
She first blossomed at "The Glen".
—From "The Ave Maria".

if she had, Father John was 'personal conductor' of the trip and could supply any deficiencies. Besides the usual enjoyment of travel, she mentions, in her diary, meeting friends; "a friend from my home town", also a sculptor who had been a friend of her father, and the artist, Trentanova, whom they had known during his years in Milwaukee. Meeting these three must have made her feel that 'the world is small' at the best.

Her very interesting diary is filled with brief, very brief, mention of the beauties of the scenery and monuments; cathedrals, art galleries and other public buildings; and occasional characteristic comments.



Statue of St. Anthony of Padua.
Erected by Mary Thecla Durward.

Quotations would be interesting, but tantalizing. One would want it all. Their time was largely spent in Ireland, England, France and Italy. While Father John went on to Spain, she remained quietly and devoutly at Lourdes. One of the great events of the trip was seeing the place where her mother and her mother's sisters had lived in England. The greatest event, of course, was receiving the blessing of the Holy Father, Pope Pius X, shortly before she took passage for return to the United States. The miniature diary ends with, "The dream is over. Now, wake up!"

She left all other nursing to care for her mother in Chicago, during her later years. After the death of her father and mother, she went to the west coast, spent some time in California, and finally settled in Tacoma, Washington. Snow-capped Mount Ranier was visible from her little house, named "Purple Beach".

While living in Washington, she came to know her brother Andrew's children, some of whom still live in that state. For some time her brother, Wilfrid, lived with her, and together they managed a chicken ranch for a time, and dabbled a bit in real estate.

After Andrew moved to Texas, she went there, too, for one winter, staying most of the time in San Antonio. She did not care to make her home in Texas, as Andrew had done, so she returned to Tacoma.

From there she was called home when Father John died. As executor of his estate, she faced many problems in connection with the Glen; its art treasures, its upkeep, and its final disposition. She met these responsibilities with courage and efficiency. But uncertain health has kept her from carrying out many plans as she would have wished. She who had been in many hospitals as nurse has had to spend many periods in hospitals as patient.

With each return to the Glen, whether on a sorrowful or happy, errand, her love for the spot seems to have grown. It has been one of the dominant forces of her life.

As executor, one of the first things to do about the Glen was to dispose of some of the art treasures. The remaining members of the family agreed to a division of the paintings. Some remained at the Glen, and some were sent to the Catholic University at Washington. Father John had remembered the Catholic University in his will and they desired to add to his gift.

Among the things that Mary Thecla has done by way of "preservation and protection" is the frequent careful renovation of the paintings. This meant getting a trustworthy strong man to take down and rehang the pictures. But no one was trusted to do the cleaning and oiling but herself. Spot by spot, every square inch was given a gentle, thorough, patient going over. No matter how long a time was required, she felt rewarded by the sight of the renewed life and beauty of the canvasses.

During the time that Father James owned the Glen, his sister gave to it faithful stewardship and loving care. All the growing beautiful things here received at her hands the unusual care that requires a knowledge of the habits of the various kinds of plant life, as well as a love of natural beauty. She still spends a half of each year at this loved beauty spot, in the home of her childhood.

Her latest work for the Glen and for her family is the compiling of this book. May those who read it enjoy the Glen the more, and may those who have seen the Glen enjoy the book.

TIME

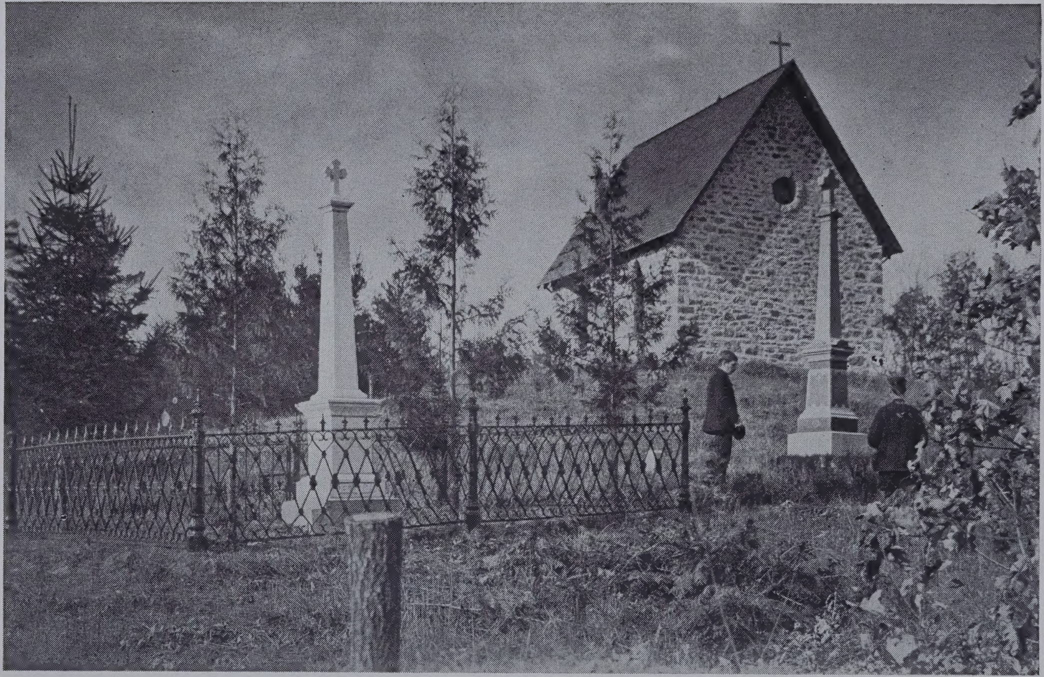
Higher up on the banks of this stream
    We have buried some friends that we love,
And we planted a cross on each newly-raised mound,
    And a prayer in the Heavens above.

They were beautiful, truthful, or wise,
    And their virtuous deeds to the last
Generations of men should be prized and proclaimed,—
    But this river is rushing so fast.

And the crosses will crumble to dust,
    And the low, narrow dwellings sink down,
And the prayers for their peace we may often forget,
    And their beauty, or worth, or renown.

And we cannot return 'gainst the tide
    Nor back o'er the rapids we've past,
Tho' we fain would return and their memory renew—
    But this river is rushing so fast.

—B. I. D.



ST. MARY'S OF THE PINES AND CEMETERY 1885.

THE CHAPEL

PART I

"THE BUILDING"—1866

(From Annals of the Glen)

WHEN the Durward family was safely housed with food and shelter in the log house by the Glen mouth, the nearest church was ten miles away, so it was decided to build a chapel on the pine hill, and straightway Father and the boys brushed out a road to the summit and John triumphantly announced that if they had no church they had at least a road to it.

Across the valley on the southern face of the opposing bluff, they next quarried, or gathered together from the surface, a heap of building stones of suitable size and quality—they were free-stone. Thus was the little chapel of St. Mary's of the Pines commenced in the wilderness. The site was there, the building stones were in abundance, and there was a road between them; even faithful old Nell that had brought us all the way from Milwaukee was still fit for harness.

But it takes money as well as stones to raise chapel walls, and Mother still doubted; and even Father could not deny that dollars did not grow on every bush in the woods. And then one day, a shadow darkened the cottage doorway, the shadow of a stranger.

"I hear you are going to build a church."

"Yes," Father told him, "I am thinking of it."

"You are the very man to do it, you are neither Irish nor German," meaning evidently that Father on account of his nationality would be acceptable to both. They walked up the hill together, and Father unfolded his plans and hopes to the attentive stranger.

"How large would you build?" Father named the size that he had thought of—a very modest one.

"That is too small," was the instant rejoinder.

"Now," thought Father, "I wonder will *you* give anything to make it larger," but almost simultaneously with the thought came the stranger's dictum, "I will give two hundred dollars." That was a great sum in those days, many, many years ago. I close my eyes and lo! the Old Stranger is himself a shadow—a recollection—but the chapel is there.

However, it did not come all at once. Father was urgently called back to his class-room in St. Francis Seminary, but he returned with some urban subscriptions to the proposed chapel and the stranger fulfilled his promise. Before this, two priests, Father Petit, of Portage, and Father Heiss, Rector of St. Francis, and afterwards Archbishop of Milwaukee, had said Mass in the studio, and the project of a chapel had been noised abroad and talked about about the cottagers of the valley and the great stony ridge to the west, called at that time the Irish Bluff, from the nationality of its residents.

The times were ripe for the undertaking, and Father set the machinery in motion. A word to this one, and a message to that one and it was done; the men "rose a bee" to quarry and haul the stone. By and by the sledge hammer and the crowbar were ringing among the rocks on the other side of the valley and round to the west of the Glen, and the humble believers from the countryside nearby were freighting building stone across the meadow and up the pine hill with their clumsy oxen and gaunt horses. The foundations were dug and the rude rubble walls began to rise. For their building, home talent sufficed, Mr. Hamilton of the School Section supervising the work; but a carpenter, David Gardner, was imported from Milwaukee for the roof. Before these evidences of the fruition of Father's hopes and Mother's prayers, the prospective congregation that rallied round St. Mary's had contributed of their hard earned substance as well as of their work. The walls were at last covered by a gothic roof, and Mass was said for the first time by Father Thomas Keenan. Then the babies in arms came to the baptismal font, the children trooped to Sunday School, the old men met in grave committee as to ways and means. And then soon—so soon—these old men, one and then another of the little band, came for the last time over its threshold, and were laid to rest on the sunny southern slope; and the marble and granite monuments of the city of the dead began to gleam among the young pines, the veronica, and the turkey-foot. "In the midst of life we are in death", and by the side of the tabernacle for the living are the narrow cells of the dead.

PART II

DESTRUCTION, DESOLATION AND RESTORATION

In the "Preface to Bleak Years Between", which Wilfrid J. Dorward had planned to publish, he said, "When the years have rolled on, we look back, and we see them, and for the first time perhaps. We had not really seen them before; we were too close, we were a part of them. But at the distance of years, when the sight is dimmer, and we wear glasses (and lose them) then the far sight is wonderfully clear, and we look back on the years, and we see them." Wilfrid probably intended to complete this part of the Glen history, but the manuscript he left is too fragmentary for our use.

There was no resident caretaker at the Glen, nor had there been for about two years previous to the fire which occurred May 3rd, 1923. I was about 2200 miles distant at the time, but bad news travels fast, and so did I, after shedding a few tears. Arriving upon the scene of "Desolation", there was no time for tears. Prompt action seemed necessary.

There were two possible causes for the fire mentioned to me, which I shall give briefly, because the question, "What caused the fire?" has been put to me dozens of times every season. Some people said it was caused by a match thrown thoughtlessly on the dry leaves; others thought it was of incendiary origin, and that "an enemy hath done this."

That kind of thoughtlessness has been all too common in the wooded sections of our country. But if "an enemy hath done this", let us pray that he may be forgiven for the destruction of so much beauty, which can never be entirely restored.

If you ever saw a once-beautiful area after a fire passed over it, did it not spell "Desolation" for you? A little church, St. Mary's of the Pines, was destroyed, (excepting the stone walls). Three Stations of the Cross, painted by Charles Dorward, were completely ruined, and many others badly damaged; about two hundred young pine trees were wiped out, the larger ones which surrounded the church were either killed, or the lower branches charred, leaving just a green tuft at the top; countless fine forest trees, including a small grove of white birch were also burned, leaving only a tangle of logs and brush. This was the condition after the fire that some people said "did not do much harm."

"RESTORATION"

Who put the fire out? Kind neighbors. And to those who fought because they loved the Glen, many thanks are due. There was much to be done to clear up the wreck, but I was fortunate in getting two good men, William Blacklock, who was Father John's faithful, non-resident caretaker for many years, and his cousin, James Blacklock, who understood felling trees without damaging tombstones over which they were perilously hanging. Both of these men cannot be too highly praised for the valuable service which they rendered then and at other times. My "bit" was cleaning and restoring the Station pictures, and it was a task which took many months. Had you seen them just after the fire, you would have exclaimed, "Impossible!" By patience and perseverance, however, they are now what they are—not too good, to be sure, but passable. I "raised a bee" of men who had relatives buried there to cut most of the dead branches in the cemetery. We set in young evergreens to help replace those that had been destroyed by the fire.

Then Wilfrid came and wrote:

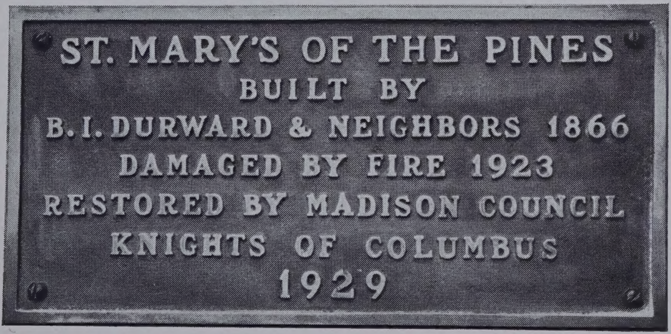
THESE WALLS SHALL RISE

I stand, head bared, by fire-scarred walls,
  'Neath lowering skies;
And wonderful to me the spirit calls:
  "These walls shall rise!"

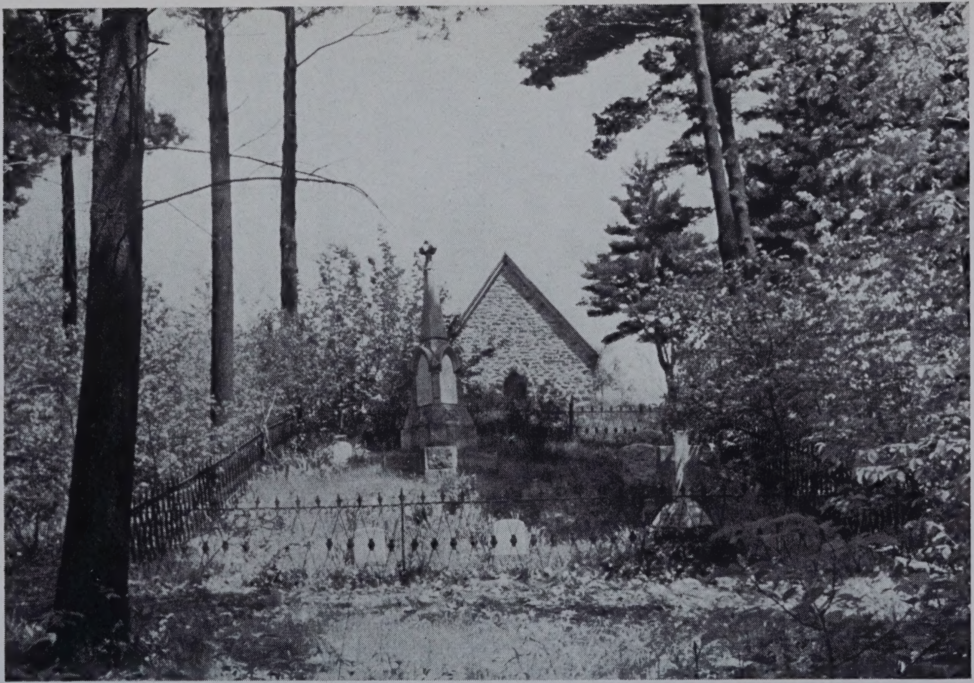
Not mine, perhaps, the guiding hand
  That rears the dome;
But surely as I now expectant stand,
  That day shall come.

God of my Mother, Father, Brothers, Friends that lie
  Around this hill;
O! May I surely know before I die
  Their graves be guarded still.

Later on, the Knights of Columbus came from Madison and restored the chapel, St. Mary's of the Pines; they also built three Station shrines, the Second, Eighth, and Fourteenth, replacing pictures therein. They cut some more of the scorched branches from pine trees. Later, I placed this tablet on the door:



ST. MARY'S OF THE PINES
BUILT BY
B. I. DURWARD & NEIGHBORS 1866
DAMAGED BY FIRE 1923
RESTORED BY MADISON COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
1929

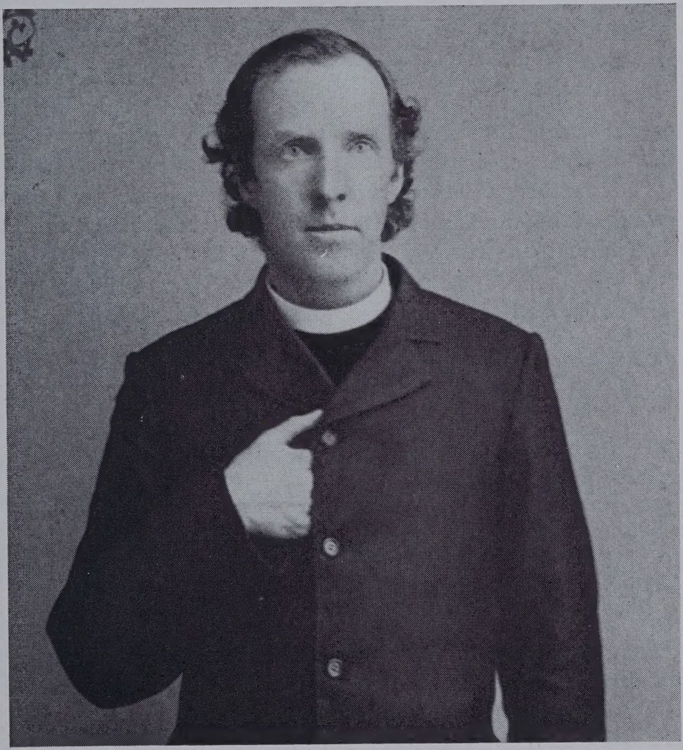


PICTURE OF THE DURWARD CEMETERY LOT.

1938

All things come home at eventide
Like birds that weary of their roaming,
And now we gather side by side,
Homing.

We all have wandered, wandered far
From daybreak 'til the evening gloaming—
We come home with the evening star,
Homing. —ADAPTED.



REV. JAMES D. DURWARD.
"Priest of God And by His grace an aid In bringing the Camillian Order To America."

REVEREND JAMES D. DURWARD

"FATHER JAMES"

JAMES DIONYSIUS DURWARD was born in Milwaukee, December 27, 1851. At that time the Durwards lived on the west bank of the Milwaukee River, a little south of Keefe Avenue. It was a poor house, and a cold winter, and the family had but one small cook stove. His mother said that, had the baby arrived one day earlier or one day later, he would have frozen to death before he could have been bathed and dressed.

James was intended, by his father, for a farmer, and the thought was put into verse before James himself had decided on being one.

"I long for my farmer and shepherd,
My James with his flute on the rock.
He pipes to his lambs on the hillside,
And he knows every face in his flock."

When James was about eighteen, the family moved to Wild Rose Farm, with its border of wild roses, about a mile northeast of the Glen, and lived there until a suitable house was erected at the Glen; probably for two or three years.

James had a lively and cheerful disposition, was a good 'mixer', and quite a popular young man in the neighborhood. He danced and sang, and played the fiddle at parties. This popularity was exceptional in the Durward family. All the family, except the mother and James, had the name among the farmers of being 'sort of stand-offish.'

He was always fond of domestic animals, especially horses; and at one time owned a very fine team. They were his special care and pride. One day he left home for Portage, driving this most treasured possession; and fine indeed they looked, being well-fed, well-groomed, and having on a nice new harness. He had considerable shopping to do, as well as other business to transact, so no one thought it strange that he was a little late in returning. Presently he came up to the door, whistling as was his wont,—*on foot.*

"Why are you walking, James?" said his mother, and, "A-aye, my word! Where are the horses?"

"They're burned to death in the livery stable at Portage. I saw the barn was on fire and rushed to the place to save them, but—no use!" He went on about his work, whistling as usual; whistling as any boy does to keep from showing grief. James had a good singing voice, and later became a good preacher.

When the family returned to the Glen, James was left sole proprietor of Wild Rose Farm. The house he called "Cobweb College". He stayed there for some time. After Father John was ordained and stationed at Tomah, Wisconsin, James visited him there, and some time later, he also decided to study for the priesthood. This was a surprise to the family, except the mother, who wished to have all her children embrace the religious life.

James commenced his studies at St. Frances Seminary, St. Francis, Wisconsin. While there he was taken sick; and when sufficiently recovered, was sent home. When he regained his strength, he went to St. Joseph's Seminary in Dubuque, Iowa, where he finished the course in philosophy, which was as far as that seminary could take him. He finished his studies at St. John's Seminary, Collegeville, Minnesota, and was ordained there. During all his vacations, he worked hard and saved his earnings for tuition fees. His mother helped him by netting lace and selling it.

Father James served as a parish priest for several years under Bishop Marty, of Dakota. Later he returned to the diocese of Winona, under Bishop Cotter, a man of very fine outstanding character, whom Father James dearly loved. When he was stationed at St. James, he wrote home, saying, "The church is St. James, in the town of St. James; the pastor's name is James, and you may prefix the 'Saint' later on!"

After he retired, he still remained in St. James, and called his home 'The Hermitage', as he lived alone much of the time, with only occasional help with his housekeeping. He was a poet at heart, though few of his poems have been preserved, as he never published a book. Verses from his pen appeared from time to time in the 'Plain Dealer'. The following tribute to his mother was written in 1919, one year after Father John's death.

MY MOTHER

Mother of Painters, of Poets, of Priests,
She cared very little for fashions or feasts;
But she brought up her children to love and fear God,
And her ashes now rest 'neath a pine-sprinkled sod.

Maker of albs and of lace for the altar,
Her heart never wearied, her hand did not falter;
And now she beholds her own son in his glory,
While whispers from earth keep repeating the story:

"Oh, Mother of Painters, of Poets, of Priests,
Remember the four who are still in this life,
And pray that while keeping its fasts and its feasts,
We may soon be with you, having ended all strife."

The sudden death of Father John Durward, September 9, 1918, had a marked influence on Durward's Glen, as well as on the remaining members of the family. It left the Glen, and three brothers and a sister, orphaned, as it were, for he it was who had owned the Glen, and he it was to whom the others looked for guidance. His death was a shock to all the family, but especially to Father James, who wrote to his sister, "I feel as though I were sinking, sinking all the time, to I know not where." Later, the all-important question arose: What shall be done with the Glen? It now belonged to an estate, and the heirs were asked, one by one, "Do you wish to own the Glen?" Father James answered, "I do. I am the only man who can get a religious order there; but for the present it must be kept as a family home."

The dear old Glen had been left in the hands of caretakers for over twenty years. Then for two years there was no resident caretaker. Father James commenced with repairs on buildings, and was assisted in the work by Mary and Wilfrid. There was also a vast amount of other work to be done—cleaning up the grounds, cutting out dead trees, restoring the garden, etc.

But what about the all-important final disposition of the Glen? Through his good friend and correspondent of many years, Monsignor Meugen, of Omaha, Nebraska, Father James learned of the Order of St. Camillus. It was through their efforts that the order was brought to Wisconsin. This order is devoted to the care of sick and infirm men. Father James had in mind to give them the Glen, but the location was not suitable for hospital purposes, so the project was abandoned, and the Camillian Order located in Milwaukee, and later built a hospital on Blue Mound Road, in Wauwatosa.

Several other religious orders were desirous of possessing Durward's Glen, so Father James and his sister got in touch with them, one by one. In the meantime, the Madison Council of the Knights of Columbus stepped in to restore the Glen Chapel which had been nearly demolished by fire, May 3, 1923.

Years went by, and nothing satisfactory was found, nothing was done. Father James was discouraged and wrote to his sister: "The religious orders all want my beautiful Glen to sell to the highest bidder and build elsewhere." The responsibility of the Glen was weighing heavily on his shoulders. Finally, with the help of the Lord, the greatest work he ever attempted succeeded. The wishes and prayers of the family came to fulfillment in his lifetime. The beauty spot so loved by his father and mother was given to a religious order.

Father Charles Mansfeld, O. S. Cam., appeared one day at Durward's Glen, carrying a picture of St. Camillus in his hand. He had an interview with Mary Durward. The Order needed a place, apart from the hospital, on which to build a novitiate. Fr. Mansfeld said the Glen would be an ideal place for the purpose. He left the picture with the request that it be hung up in the old home, which was done. Mary Durward then wrote to Father James, asking if it would be in accord with his wishes to have the Camillian Order own his beautiful Glen *now,* so that building could be commenced at once. The answer was, "Yes, let us go back to our first love."

A deed and a contract were drawn up and duly signed, according to law. Then the beloved Glen passed forever, with a tear and a smile, into the hands of others. The contract provides that Durward's Glen be preserved in its present state of natural beauty, due care being taken of rocks, streams, forests, ferns, flowers, and mosses. Also, the old artistic buildings are to be kept in repair.

Let us breathe a prayer and a hope that visitors who come to view the beauties of nature and art, when the Durward family has long since passed into the realms of memory, may exclaim: "What a fairy land! Just look at the 'woven vine-wound thicket' where the birds are nesting in the underbrush. Protected from hawks and other birds of prey, they feel secure." "Look at those wild flowers blooming and ferns springing up, protected from the onrush of civilization."

Father James passed into the "Great Beyond" May 1, 1933, at the hospital in St. James, and his body was brought for burial to the family lot at the Glen. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the chapel of St. Mary's of the Pines by Father Mansfeld, O. S. Cam. Former members of St. Joseph's choir at Baraboo, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Melzl, and Miss Ida Melzl, paid beautiful tribute by their singing. There were church services also in St. James, where years ago he had been pastor, and where he was affectionately known as 'scribe of the Wilderness.' His dear friend, Father John Meyers, of Fulda, Minnesota, also a former pastor at St. James, was the celebrant of the Mass, and Father O'Day, of Winona, preached the sermon. The church was crowded, and many of his brother priests of that vicinity were in attendance.

And thus 'the end crowns the work'. The following poem, written by Father James, will serve as an ending to this brief sketch of his life.

A PRAYER

O, Jesus, I have felt Thy love
And found it to be far above
All earthly bliss.
O make me love Thee more and more,
And let my yearning spirit soar
Thy wounds to kiss!

I do acknowledge from my heart
I am unworthy to take part
In this Thy toil.
Yet, if made pure by love of Thee,
Souls be led heavenward by me,
Thine be the spoil.

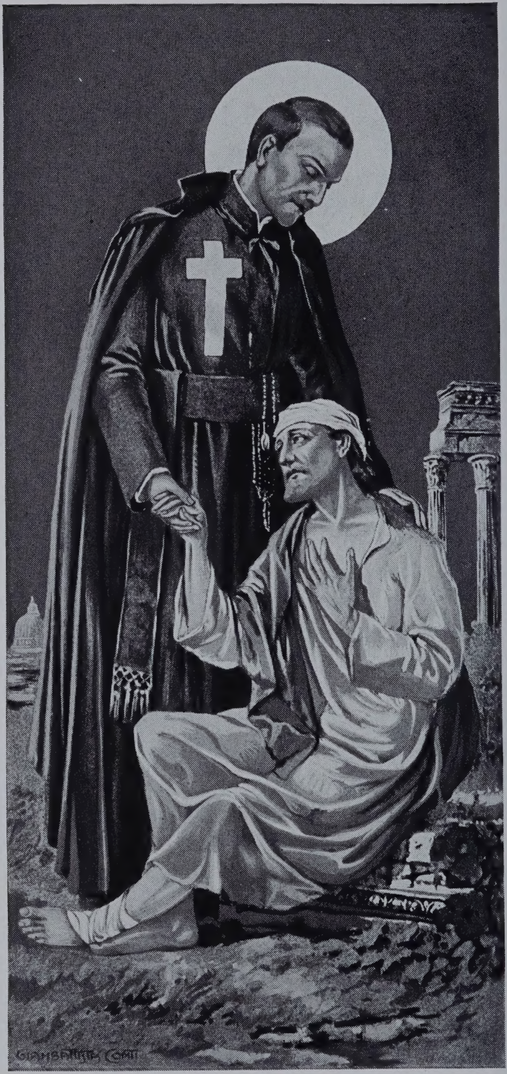
So, now, forever take my heart,
That never again it may depart
From Thee by sin;
And keep it always in Thy love,
Until, beside Thy Throne above,
A crown I win.

ST. CAMILLUS NOVITIATE

WHOEVER has read Manzoni's famous novel, "The Betrothed", will remember the vivid description of the misery and terror caused by the Black Pestilence during the Middle Ages. Fearful was the toll demanded by death. In some of the cities of Europe, entire streets lay deserted, and villages became desolated. The helplessness of medical science and lack of social responsibility were to a great extent the causes of this calamity.

It was at this time that the order of St. Camillus was founded in Rome, Italy, in the year 1584. To the ordinary vows of religious organizations, St. Camillus and the members of his Order added a fourth vow, to nurse the sick and plague-stricken, even at the peril of their own lives. The work accomplished by the Order during the widespread epidemics in the larger cities of Italy forms one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of Christian charity. On several occasions, particularly during the plague epidemics of 1624, 1656–1657, and 1732–1734, and during the cholera epidemics of the nineteenth century the Order was almost on the point of becoming extinct as a result of the heavy death toll of its members exacted by their ministry among the plague- and cholera-stricken.

The founder of the Order, an Italian nobleman, Camillus de Lellis, born in 1550 in the Abruzzi, had at the age of nineteen years offered his services to the nobles of Venice in the war against the Turks. He held various offices, both naval and military, under the government of the Venetian Republic, and took part in many battles; but due to a violent fever in Corfu, in 1571, he was not present at the famous victory of Lepanto gained by the fleet of the Holy League under command of Don Juan of Austria. Although a rough soldier, Camillus never participated in such atrocities of war as did his comrades, who, when near starvation, cut out the livers of dead Turks and fried and devoured them as delicacies. However, he indulged passionately in gambling and for this reason enlisted in 1574, in the company of a certain Fabio, famous for his gambling, in an expedition against Tunis. Impoverished by his gambling losses, and weakened by a festering sore on his ankle which never healed, and dismissed from the service at the end of this expedition, he was reduced to beggary and misery.


GIAMBATTISTA CONTI

St. Camillus de Lellis.
Born 1550—Died 1614.
His feastday is celebrated for the universal church July 18.

Divine Providence now permitted him to suffer abundantly and through the infection on his ankle forced him to seek refuge in a hospital in Rome. Through personal experience he became acquainted with the wants and sufferings of others, and, brought to conversion from his former ways, the care of the sick and suffering became his favorite occupation. His first service was to take care of a badly neglected hospital. Conscious of the fact that he alone was unable to combat the crowd of evils he found, he inspired other men to share his work and enthused them with his ideals. He himself, though already thirty years of age, began to study for the Priesthood, and overcame all obstacles to reach his goal. After his ordination, in 1584, he founded a congregation, which was canonically instituted as a religious order by Pope Gregory XIV in 1591.

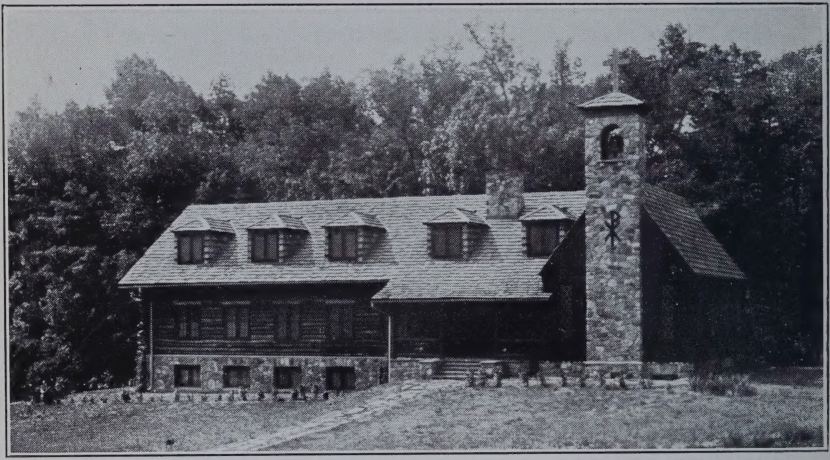
The distinguishing badge Camillus chose for his Order to wear on their black habits was a Red Cross, similar to that used by modern Red Cross organizations. Therefore, to St. Camillus de Lellis is due the credit for the first Red Cross as the symbol of organized charity. To him also can be traced the idea of the first Red Cross Field Ambulance in war. In 1595 Camillus formed of the members of his Order such field ambulance units serving during the battles of Italian troops before Strigonia in Hungary, and also, in 1601, before Canizza in Croatia.

For two hundred and fifty years the Order was almost entirely confined to Italy. The heavy losses the Order sustained among its members as a result of epidemics was one of the causes that prevented the Order from extending over a wider area. But religious persecutions, which did much to retard the progress of the Order at one time, have finally been an advantage, as they have been the means of spreading it throughout the world.

The Order is at present composed of seven Provinces, and four Commissariates, and has Houses in Italy, Sicily, Spain, (possibly all Houses in Spain are now destroyed with the exception of the House in Bilbao) France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Poland, South America, one House at Killucan, County Westmeath, Ireland, and three Houses in the United States.

The Order was introduced into the United States through the efforts of Father James Durward. The first Camillian Father came to America and Wisconsin in 1921. In 1923 another priest and one brother arrived; in 1924 one Father and two brothers joined their first companions in America and a monastery was established in Milwaukee. Patients were received, and when the monastery became too crowded, the late Archbishop Sebastian G. Messmer encouraged the building of a new hospital. In 1931 the cornerstone of the St. Camillus Hospital in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, was laid by the present Archbishop of Milwaukee, the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, who also dedicated the building on May 29th, 1932.

The generous gift of the Durward's Glen property to the Order made possible the erection of a novitiate for the North American Commissariate of the Order. This beautiful spot, "Far removed from sordid traffic", is in its seclusion and spiritual atmosphere ideal for meditation and the religious life. It is particularly suitable for a novitiate, in which candidates for the priesthood and brotherhood as novices receive their spiritual training during the course of one year and become acquainted with the principles of the religious life and vows, and the rules, constitution and history of the Order.



The St. Camillus Novitiate.

In the presence of about one thousand people, the Novitiate was dedicated on the feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, September 8th, 1935. The Most Reverend Bishop A. F. Schinner officiated, at the request of His Excellency, Most Reverend Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch, who was unable to attend. The dedicatory ceremonies were followed by a Pontifical Field High Mass, on the porch of the Novitiate, celebrated by Bishop Schinner, assisted by Right Reverend Monsignor E. C. O'Reilly of Baraboo, as Archpriest, Reverend J. Huepper, pastor of Lodi, as Deacon, the acting novice-master, F. Konieczny, O. S. Cam. as Subdeacon, and Reverend P. Kremer, O. S. Cam. of

INTERIOR OF THE NOVITIATE CHAPEL.

Milwaukee, as Master of Ceremonies. In the evening of the same day, the first candidates began a ten-day retreat as a preparation for their reception into the Order. They received the habit of the Order and began their novitiate September 19, 1935.

The first profession of these novices took place September 23, 1936. A new page was on this day added to the chronicle of the Order's history. These novices were the first Americans to receive the Red Cross upon their habits and the first Camillians to be professed on this continent. The solemn rites according to the ritual of the Order were conducted by the Novice Master, C. Mansfeld, O. S. Cam.

The novices of the following year were privileged to make the vow of their profession to the Prefect General of the Order, the Most Reverend Florindo Rubini, who had come from Rome, Italy, for his Canonical Visitation of the Houses in North America. Many priests and friends of Durward's Glen and of the Order filled the Novitiate chapel on this day, October 11, 1937. Father Prefect General addressed the newly professed religious before the Solemn High Mass in the Latin tongue and received them as his confreres with the customary kiss of peace.

Father Rubini fully realized the progress which the Order in the United States had made in the short space of sixteen years. He expressed his heartfelt gratitude for the charitable cooperation and generosity of the friends of the Order in this country, who have made possible the foundations in Milwaukee, Wauwatosa and Durward's Glen.

The Novitiate is erected in a style unusual for a religious building of this type and purpose. The log cabin style was used to perpetuate the traditions of pioneer days. The members of the Durward family have been pioneers in many different ways. Not only did they come to Wisconsin early, but they were among the first to enrich the newly formed state with Art and Poetry. The spirit and the ideals of the Durwards will live forever in Durward's Glen, round which cling the traditions and history of the Durward family. The initials on the tower of the Novitiate, the Greek letters "X P" (translated Ch. R.), abbreviation for Christos, connect these traditions with the pioneer days of the church, when this sign was used in the Catacombs of the first Christians.

The Maltese Cross, which Bernard Isaac Durward chiseled into the rock at the entrance of the gorge of Durward's Glen, the "X P" of Catacomb days on the tower of the Novitiate, and the Red Cross of St. Camillus are intimately connected. All three proclaim the necessity of our devotedness to God in our own person as well as in our possessions; a devotedness to God which finds its expression in the practical service to our fellowmen. "Thou shalt love thy God with thy whole heart and thy neighbor as thyself" is the motto of the St. Camillus Novitiate in the surroundings of that part of God's beautiful world: Durward's Glen.

—C. Mansfeld, O. S. Cam.,
Commissary Provincial.

ADDENDA

FAMILY DATES

	Born		Died
Bernard Isaac Dorward	Mar. 26, 1817	Bernard Isaac Durward	Mar. 21, 1902
Margaret Hillyard	Feb. 7, 1821	Theresa M. Durward	Apr. 22, 1907
Bernard Dorward	Mar. 20, 1843	Bernard Dorward	1855
Charles P. Dorward	Sept. 27, 1844	Charles P. Dorward	Nov. 12, 1875
John T. Dorward	Mar. 7, 1847	Rev. John T. Durward	Sept. 9, 1918
Emma Theresa Dorward	Mar. 9, 1850	Emma Theresa Dorward	1852
James D. Dorward	Dec. 27, 1851	Rev. James D. Durward	May 1, 1933
Wilfrid J. Dorward	Mar. 14, 1857	Wilfrid J. Dorward	June 11, 1927
Andrew Dorward	Jan. 14, 1861	Andrew Durward	Mar. 19, 1926
Mary Thecla Dorward	Sept. 23, 1863	Mary Thecla Durward	living

PUBLICATIONS

B. I. Durward	1868	The Two Women, A Ballad
	1870	Wild Flowers of Wisconsin
	1875	Milwaukee Catholic Magazine (edited for one year)
	1882	Poems of B. I. Durward
	1882	Souvenir of Devil's Lake
Rev. J. T. Durward	1890	Sonnets of Holy Land
	1902	Building of a Church
	1908	Short Course in Christian Doctrine
	1913	Holy Land and Holy Writ
	1917	A Casket of Joys
	1917	Durward Centenary Memorial
Wilfrid J. Dorward	1898	Mother and Others
	1901	Annals of the Glen
	1919	A Life of Service